

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2540.—VOL. XCI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS} By Post, 6½d.



LIFE AT SAN REMO.—GATE OF THE VILLA ZIRIO, THE RESIDENCE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In a volume before me, published seventy years ago, I find a lament that the old social custom of keeping Christmas in England is "rapidly going out." Since then, thanks to the genial influence of Charles Dickens, it had a revival; but now there is little doubt it is on the wane again. I make no account of the cynical persons who set their faces against public jollity of all kinds, and denounce, because they interfere with their own smooth round of selfish pleasures, even Bank Holidays as a nuisance; but there is certainly a growing dislike to "keeping Christmas" as it used to be kept. In town, this is largely owing to the clubs, the influence of which is strongly against family gatherings; the fact, too, that the means of locomotion now admit of relatives assembling together at least as often as they wish to do, is, as old Burton says, "a cause"; and those excellent persons, the water-drinkers, have also had something to do with it. I have not a word to say against them; but gingerade is really not the liquor with which roast beef and plum-pudding ought to be associated, nor could one partake of it, with impunity (I should think), out of a wassail-bowl. The vigour of enjoyment with which Christmas used to be welcomed is certainly gone. To read about it, as it was known to our fathers—much more our grandfathers—is like glancing at a page of manners and customs in a book of travel:—

Christmas comes, he comes, he comes,
Ushered with a rain of plums.
Hollies in the windows greet him;
Schools come driving post to meet him.

Thank goodness, they don't now do anything of the kind, and we find the boys' railway fares quite expensive enough as it is! How we kept Christmas even so recently as forty years ago will seem strange to many of my readers, and the charming poem which describes it is probably unknown to almost all of them:—

O plethora of beef and bliss!
Monkish feaster, sly of kiss!
Southern soul in body Dutch!
Glorious time of great Too-Much!
Too much heat, and too much noise,
Too much babblement of boys;
Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much ev'rything but thinking;
Solely bent to laugh and stuff,
And trample upon base Enough.
Oh, right is thy instinctive praise
Of the wealth of Nature's ways!
Right thy most unthrifty glee,
And pious thy misce-piecy!

Much of this "festivity to order" has been waved away from us by the wand of that malignant fairy Dyspepsia; and what is left is, to us of the town, the worst of it—namely, the Christmas Waits. In the country, the players and singers are known—there is a charming description of them in Mr. Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"—but in London every vagabond who can boast of the possession of a cracked clarionet thinks he is authorised to wake us at two in the morning throughout the month of December. The reason given by the Irish peasant why a certain obnoxious landlord was permitted to live so long, "Well, what is everybody's business, you see, your honour, is nobody's business," can alone explain the tolerance we extend to them.

Some gentleman who signs himself "a millionaire" has been protesting against the sums made by popular authors, which is much as though some feudal Lord of France should have grudged the one nettle out of four with which the poor peasant was allowed to make his soup. Of course it may be only "the millionaire's" fun, but it is very mischievous fun. There is a popular belief that literary persons, and especially writers of fiction, are in receipt of large incomes; instead of which they are paid poorly, use up their wits more quickly than other brain-workers, and have no retiring allowance. Except Walter Scott, no English author ever made a fortune out of his books. Charles Dickens, the most popular writer in England, and, perhaps, in the world, would have left little behind him, but for the profits that accrued from his lectures. Thackeray did not die rich. Trollope tells us he made £70,000 by his pen, which, spread over a whole writing life, was less than £2000 a-year. What lawyer, what physician, what commercial man, occupying the same position in his own calling that Trollope occupied in his, has not made twice and thrice that income? None of these three authors, though all three were generous and open-handed—as, to do them justice, most men of letters are—can be accused of extravagance. They had to live on what they made, and could save but little out of it. What other three contemporaries have given so much pleasure—smoothed the pillow of the sick, and soothed their pain; gladdened the schoolboy; given relaxation to the toiler; and, upon the whole, sown so many seeds of good amongst their fellow men as these three? And yet, forsooth, there are found people to grudge them the pecuniary gains which a fluent lawyer, or fashionable physician, whose place can be supplied to-morrow by five hundred like him, would despise as paltry.

It is now quite a novelty for boys to run away to sea; a clergyman's son, however, has just revived the ancient practice, though his truancy does not seem to have taken him beyond the docks. In the mean time, he solved a much-debated problem by subsisting for three days on fivepence; the reporter, in fact, puts it, "with only fivepence in his pocket"—which is "living upon one's savings," indeed. How much wiser it would have been to let so resolute a young gentleman have his way! A voyage from Hull to London as cabin-boy in a coasting-vessel would probably have destroyed his illusions; as it is, we have, perhaps, lost another Nelson, for he has gone back to his friends.

A little book, the subject of which must needs have an interest—some day—for everyone of us, has just been published, entitled "Euthanasia." It is a medical book and mainly concerns itself with the proper treatment of the dying; but independently of its professional advice, it gives much noteworthy and sound information, which will be generally welcome. In the first place it explodes the popular, though very disagreeable, belief that the act of death is always, or

even usually, a painful one. The vulgar phrases "mortal agony," "last struggle," and their congeners, are proved to have little foundation save in the morbid love of sensation to which human nature is so prone. The great anatomist, William Hunter, knowing how much mischief ignorant fear engenders, bore his own dying testimony to this effect. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," he whispered to his friend Dr. Combe, "I would write how easy and pleasant it is to die." Sir Henry Hallford, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and the distinguished surgeon Mr. Savory have expressed the same cheering opinion. It is to the nurses of the old school—for to ignorant natures horrors are always welcome—that we are indebted, probably, for our apprehensions of the mere act of death. The trained attendants of the sick, who now, most fortunately, have taken their place, have no such tales to tell. There are, of course, exceptions; but, as a rule, the urgent symptoms of disease subside before the last scene in our earthly pilgrimage. "A pause in nature, as it were, seems to take place, the frame is fatigued by its efforts to sustain itself, and a general tranquillity pervades the whole system."

Even in death by drowning, where the mind is keenly alive and active throughout, there is an entire absence of suffering of any kind. The famous letter of Admiral Beaufort, describing his symptoms when more nearly drowned than probably any living man has ever been, is quoted from Sir John Barrow's memoir. "I no longer thought of being rescued," he writes; "nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable sort, partaking of that dull, but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue." It is on this letter, though there is much evidence of the same kind, that the popular idea is based that drowning persons, within a minute or two, seem to have presented to them every incident of their lives. "The whole period of my existence," says the Admiral, "seemed to be placed before me in panoramic review, and each act of it accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences"; though two minutes did not elapse between the moment of suffocation to his being hauled up, and, according to the lookers-on, he was very quickly restored to animation. On the other hand, I have myself known half-drowned men, who tell me they have had no consciousness of anything save the agony of being restored to life.

A subject that is also very properly dwelt upon in this little book is the proper course that should be adopted as to making the patient acquainted with his hopeless condition. "I forbear to step out of my province," says Sir Henry Hallford, "to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it." He goes on to show that it is much better that they should undertake this task than the medical adviser. "They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their fears; whereas, if the physician lay open his danger to him, however delicately, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of death." Among smaller errors our author very justly inveighs against is the common practice of whispering and going on tip-toe, indulged in by visitors to a sick-room. As Dickens, with humorous exaggeration, tells us, this is really "more calculated to disturb the nerves of an invalid than the entry of a horse-soldier at full gallop."

Years ago, it was said by a Frenchman of us English that we had a hundred religions but only one sauce (melted butter). Our sauces, I suppose, have increased; but certainly not to such an extent as our religious sects. The list of those whose places of meeting are registered for religious worship now extends to one hundred and sixty. Some of them are very curious. The longest title belongs to the "Believers in the Divine Visitation of Joanna Southcote, Prophetess of Exeter." The shortest is "Saints," without a definite article. Many of them are, as might have been expected, positive enough; but one is negative, "Christians who object to be otherwise designated." I thought I had found the queerest—as well as beyond question the most exclusive—in the "Hackney Juvenile Miss"; the idea of a young lady having an entire sect to herself naturally charmed me; but I am told "Miss" is short for "Mission." The "Glazebrook Army," though doubtless a host in itself, gives me no definite idea of its tenets; and I am equally at sea as regards the "Inghamites" and "Glassites." The "Recreative Religionists," on the other hand, seems to give promise of a cheerful community; but the terms of subscription are not mentioned, and in such a pleasure-seeking sect they would probably be beyond my humble means.

If contradiction can affect the departed as it affects the living, the gentleman who used to express his belief that "there never was such a thing as a centenarian" must be suffering under great irritation. Not a week now goes by without an account in the newspapers of someone of a hundred years old, with all his faculties about him, and much more addicted to out-door exercise than the present writer. Our patriarchs, indeed, are not now generally satisfied with being only a hundred. The last week's candidate for honours in longevity is a lady of 103. She is only "slightly deaf," gets up at seven o'clock to "black-lead her grates," and talks of "running back to fetch things." Of course, the Americans have not been able to stand this: there are, as is well known, taller, shorter, fatter, thinner, younger, older, and in all respects more remarkable people in that country than elsewhere in all creation, and they have hastened to inform us that our lady patriarch is nowhere in comparison with "our Mr. Hicks," of Texas, who has seen not less than 117 summers, and confidently expects to see at least five and twenty more. He is a little bent, but the right way; and he and his wife—by no means his first wife, but a young thing of ninety years—harvested this year eight bales of cotton between them. Though himself "coloured"—he was sold as a slave in 1850,

and, being eighty, sold cheap—we are assured this is not the case with the above extracts from his biography.

Honesty, as Charles Lamb tells us, must stop somewhere. With him the limit was sucking-pig. With most people it is horseflesh, or orders for the theatre. Even if a clergyman sells one a horse, it is just as well to have a veterinary surgeon's opinion as to its merits as well as his own; and even a man who is not naturally greedy will exhibit the most unwholesome appetite in his applications for tickets for the play. I wonder that the good people who object to dramatic entertainments have never instanced this as another proof of their demoralising effect. The richest people—millionaires—will importune managers of theatres for gratuitous boxes and stalls. This happens in no other calling. It is true that some unspeakable ass will sometimes ask a popular novelist for a story gratis: "I don't ask for money, but just for a little story"—as though he should say: "I don't ask for five £5 notes, but only for a cheque for £25." But it is not often done. The theatrical manager is similarly pestered every day, and by all sorts and conditions of men. Yet the applicants would doubtless resent being classed with the race they really belong to—the begging-letter impostors. I hope that the late representations of the poor managers to the Home Office will relieve them in future from at least all official exactions, and that, when they have a good box to spare, they will remember those who took their part in the controversy.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.

The anxiety felt in England, as well as in Germany, concerning the state of the Imperial Crown Prince, who is residing for the winter at the Villa Zirio, San Remo, with the Crown Princess, the Princess Royal of England, and several of their children, has induced us to send a Special Artist to furnish Sketches of San Remo, and of incidents belonging to the sojourn of their Imperial and Royal Highnesses there.

A description of San Remo, with several views of the town, which is situated on the Riviera, seven miles within the Italian frontier, and sixteen miles from Mentone, appeared in our publication of Dec. 3. The local views now presented are those of the church of the Madonna della Costa, at the summit of the steep hill on which the old Italian town is built, and the Via Berigo, a fine new road made below that hill, where the view of the church was sketched; with the gate of entrance to the Villa Zirio, the house now occupied by the Crown Prince and his family, which is situated at a short distance to the east of San Remo, and with a separate view of the house. The olive-mills, where that fruit is crushed for the production of olive oil, are not far up the valley to the north, and are frequently visited for the interest belonging to this manufacturing process, as well as for the picturesque scenery around them. The King of Italy has placed a gun-boat or torpedo-vessel at the disposal of the German Crown Prince and Princess, to serve as a yacht for excursions from the harbour of San Remo; and, in one of our Artist's Sketches, her Imperial and Royal Highness, with her daughters and Prince Henry, who is an officer in the German Navy, appears returning from such a maritime excursion.

It will be remembered that two of the most eminent surgeons of Germany, Professor Virchow, of Berlin, who has a European reputation as a physiologist, and Professor Ernst Von Bergmann, another esteemed man of science belonging to the Berlin University, were called upon, some months ago, to examine the nature of the morbid excrescence in the larynx of the illustrious patient; and that their opinion, after an analysis of particles cut from it, differed from that of Sir Morell Mackenzie, as they pronounced it to be cancer. The question has been minutely discussed in the medical journals of Europe, and is of the gravest importance with regard to the probability of a long continuance of a life most valuable to the welfare of Germany, and justly dear to mankind. Our Portraits of those two eminent Professors will, therefore, be regarded with some interest. Professor Rudolph Virchow, the senior, who was born in Pomerania, in 1821, is author of a celebrated treatise on "Cellular Pathology," which has been translated into English; of a memoir of his great predecessor, Johann Müller; and of a review of Goethe's contributions to natural science, besides many other writings, scientific and literary. He is Professor of Pathological Anatomy and Therapeutics at the University of Berlin, and is also a very active and influential Liberal politician, a member of the Prussian House of Commons, and a stout opponent of Prince Bismarck, who once challenged him to fight a duel.

Several German physicians and surgeons, along with Mr. Mark Howell, have remained at San Remo in attendance on the Crown Prince; and one of our Illustrations shows three of these gentlemen, Dr. Dettweiler, Dr. Krause, and Professor Braumann, engaged in a consultation. Sir Morell Mackenzie, from London, was there again on Thursday, Dec. 15, and received a detailed report from Dr. Krause and Mr. Howell, after which these three and Dr. Schröder saw and examined the Crown Prince, and then held a consultation. The result was as follows:—"A thickening has taken place which is confined to the middle fifth of the diseased left vocal cord; it is of a pinkish colour, and without the external appearances which cancer generally shows in that place. The swelling is about the size of a split pea, and can certainly easily be extirpated, but Sir Morell Mackenzie regards an operation as inadvisable, at least for the present, as it might lead to another oedematous swelling. Should it increase, however, extirpation with the forceps will, perhaps, be necessary. The swelling is so small that it does not appreciably diminish the diameter of the windpipe, so that there is no immediate danger whatever of any difficulty in breathing. The rest of the larynx is somewhat inflamed, but the right vocal cord is almost of the natural colour, which is regarded as very satisfactory, as it proves that the right part of the larynx is not affected." Sir Morell Mackenzie did not again examine the lower part of the larynx, where the swelling began at Baveno. The Crown Prince looks very well, has an excellent appetite, and likes to take long walks; but the doctors advised him to stay at home during the rain and wind. Sir Morell Mackenzie was most agreeably surprised by the improvement in the voice, which now sounds quite "phonetic," and sometimes perfectly clear tones come as if involuntarily from the larynx. Not the smallest trace of an oedema is visible. On the other hand, Professor Schröder, of Vienna, who was specially summoned to examine the Crown Prince's throat, and took part in the great consultation of specialists, has expressed his firm conviction that the Crown Prince is suffering from cancer, and that disease sometimes presents the most wonderful features of apparent improvement, followed by quick relapses, which may alternate for months, sometimes for years.

The Rev. Edward Carus Selwyn, head-master of Liverpool College, has been elected head-master of Uppingham School.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Among its many evils the *matinée* system does some occasional good. The audiences are friendly, the test is incomplete, the applause even for indifferent work is effusive and insincere; but there is saved to the stage many a play that would otherwise have been swiftly condemned, and probably have sent its author or authors home depressed, disappointed, and with a heavy heart. "Handfast," by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. Mark Quinton, is a case in point. There were weak spots in this clever and interesting drama; there occurred at an important juncture a dangerous anti-climax; several scenes were too long, and more than one character wholly unnecessary. But these faults were not ineradicable: the play was a clever and a good one for all that. But let us reflect what would have happened at night had "Handfast" been produced as a finished and perfected work? It would have been howled at, jeered, treated with contumely, and roughly condemned. The omnibus-riders and tramcar-catchers, the residents in the suburbs, and the thirsty playgoers who think life not worth living without a last carouse—all the enthusiastic patrons of the play who profess so much but who perform so little, would have hurled "Handfast" to the crows because their own comfort had been temporarily interfered with. What do these selfish people, who hoot at men when they miss a line and hiss women who accidentally trip over a carpet, really care for the feelings of nervous dramatists, or the future well-being of the stage, or the progress of dramatic art? Not one small brass farthing. The success of a new play depends upon their catching a train to Stoke Newington or to having a parting glass before they trudge homewards. This not accomplished, off with the play's head, and so much for Buckingham! What should such fellows as these care for the charming love scenes, one between a boy and girl, and another between a matured woman and earnest man; why should they bother their heads about Mr. Hamilton's dialogue or Mr. Quinton's story if they had been kept kicking their heels, as they would have been, in the theatre until midnight, instead of careering into Leicester-square at the conventional hour of eleven?

As it stands, the authors of "Handfast" have another chance. The play was patiently listened to and fairly criticised, and when Mr. W. Herbert and Mr. George Giddens take a theatre in order to produce it, it may be trusted that many audiences of the future will enjoy acting so good as was shown us that afternoon by clever little Miss Rose Norreys, a picturesque, lovable, but flighty little maiden who never knows her own mind or heart for two minutes together; by Mr. Matthew Brodie, a very presentable and promising young actor; by Miss Caroline Hill, the owner of the silver voice, who lingers so long on its dulcet tones—who, in fact, enjoys the sound of her own voice so much that it sounds as if she were affected, but who has returned from America a woman, capable of expressing power and showing the true heart of a woman, who is, as ever, pretty, and who could never fail to be graceful in attitude; and by Mr. Yorke Stephens, a most versatile and useful actor, who walks as if he were on wires, but is always pleasant. But the success of the afternoon—the real artistic success—was made by Mr. Cyril Maude, who had to enact a moral coward under the thumb of a bullying, swaggering brute who has the air and bearing of a gentleman, but the nature of a rat. It was a complete study of a type of Englishman far too common in the nineteenth century—a man wholly devoid of principle, but would do any dirty trick or swallow any amount of insult for a five-pound note. Mr. Cyril Maude's grasp of this character was masterly, and even a friendly audience could not resist the temptation of laughing at him for a blunder for which the authors were wholly responsible. To get a villain off the stage by giving him a "Bradshaw's Guide" and bidding him begone, is a trying test of an actor's nerve. Mr. Irving himself would have provoked a titter had he, after a serious scene, flung down the "Bradshaw," and suggested that death was better than that humiliation.

Strange to say, in the same week there was produced a play at a Vaudeville *matinée* that may not be so clever, but that probably has more money in it than "Handfast." It is called "The Calthorpe Case," and it was produced for the benefit of its author, Mr. Arthur Goodrich, who has undergone a severe operation at the hands of Mr. Anderson Critchett, the oculist, by whom his patient has been recommended to winter in the South of France. How strangely unreliable is the verdict of professional people. Those who had rehearsed "Handfast" pronounced the play faultless; those who were preparing "The Calthorpe Case" doomed it to inevitable failure. No play can be really unsuccessful that has in it an abiding thread of interest, and that contains something new and fresh to solace the jaded palate of the playgoer. "Jim the Penman" was not seriously a good play, but it was out of the common, it struck a new vein, the subject was not worn or hackneyed. Mr. Goodrich's play is of the same character, and it contains at least half-a-dozen good acting parts. The plot turns on the desperate position of an impecunious man who has been promised £5000 if he will discover a lost heiress, and is compelled to substitute his own step-daughter in order to avoid exposure, and to save the life of his invalid wife. The position is not wholly strained or unnatural, and the acting was, on the whole, remarkably good. The vigour of the passionate indignation of Miss Maude Milton, the fervour of the love-making of Mr. Fuller Mellish, the quaint observation and originality in the graceless scamp played by Mr. Beveridge; the keen, sharp-cut caricature of an oily rascal by Mr. Pateman, as artistic as it was pungent—all deserved the highest praise. But the comedy scenes were as delightful as the dramatic incidents. What a strange condition of things it is that an actress of the unceasing cleverness and rare brilliancy of Miss Fanny Brough should be wandering about at *matinées*, and never apparently to be sure of an engagement, when such homes of comedy as the Haymarket or St. James's should welcome her with open arms? She never speaks the smallest line in a play without making it tell. Like her predecessors, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Bancroft, she extracts the juice out of every sentence. Between her and her audiences there is a chain of electric sympathy. The scenes between Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Rutland Barrington in this play were delightful; it was true comedy as distinguished from vulgar horse-play.

The new Russian drama, written by Mr. Bartley Campbell, an American author, and called "Siberia," is one of those showy panoramic plays that please people who do not profess to be critical. It apparently suits a Princess's audience and delights the simple folk who would be almost as pleased if they were allowed to stand outside and watch the magic-lantern that plays on the prepared sheet. The drama contains sufficient picture, incident, and variety, and Miss Grace Hawthorne, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Cicely Richards, and Mr. Harry Parker safely conduct it through various ugly tides and currents into safe harbour at last.

The finishing touches are now being given to the two great pantomimes that are to divide the suffrages of the children on Boxing Night and on through the holiday season. Mr. Augustus Harris promises to outdo all his previous efforts with Otto Speckter's delightful romance of "Puss in Boots"; he is to have processions galore, a palace of white and gold that

is to dazzle everybody, and of the fun we may be quite certain when Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell get together. Miss Letty Lind is the dancer *par excellence*, and Miss Wadman the prince of pantomime; and on Boxing Night, for the first time, Mr. Walter Slaughter will conduct the pantomime music and lead the gallery boys, who love popular airs.

At Covent-Garden, we are promised an "old-fashioned pantomime" by Mr. Freeman Thomas and Mr. Purkiss. The subject is the good one of "Jack and the Beanstalk"; and, considering that Miss Fanny Leslie has been engaged for Jack, and young Mr. Conquest for Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum the Giant, all will go well. The stage is under the experienced direction of Mr. J. A. Cave, who ought to know how to arrange a good pantomime by this time.

But long before Boxing Night, long before the Christmas bells have rung out, our eyes will have been satiated with the colour, the glitter, and the panoply of modern ballet and extravaganza. Following quickly after the Empire, which is a veritable home of luxury, come the promised spectacles at the Gaiety and the Alhambra, which are said to have cost more money than any entertainment of the kind ever produced in London. However much poverty there may be outside the playhouse, there is clearly very little within, for the present Christmas will be remarkable for the costliest dresses and stuffs that have ever been prepared for the stage.

A new actress has appeared who is distinguished by personal beauty and very considerable talent. Miss Helen Cooper-Parr, a tall and stately lady with a good stage face, a rich voice, and a passionate style, is anything but a novice. She is already an experienced actress, and at once puts many of our well-meaning amateurs into the shade. There will be much anxiety to see this "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," in a better play than "Sidonia," which she produced recently at the Novelty. New and good actresses are so rare that they should not be allowed to escape.

THE COURT.

The Comte and Comtesse de Paris arrived at Windsor on Dec. 15 by South-Western train, on a visit to the Queen. They were met at the station by Prince Henry of Battenberg, who accompanied them to the castle, where they dined with her Majesty, and remained for the night. Viscount Cross was also included in the Royal dinner-party. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went to London on the 16th. Her Majesty visited the Duchess of Cambridge, and afterwards drove to Kensington Palace, where she was met by Princess Beatrice, and remained to luncheon with Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne. Her Majesty travelled by special train on the Great Western Railway to and from Paddington, and returned to the castle at a quarter to five o'clock. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, and Lord and Lady George Hamilton arrived at Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner-party. The Hon. C. Ramsay arrived at Windsor Castle on Dec. 17, and delivered up to the Queen the Insignia of the Order of the Thistle worn by the late Earl of Dalhousie. On Sunday, Dec. 18, the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle in the morning. The Dean of Windsor officiated. The Duc d'Orléans went to Windsor in the afternoon on a visit to the Queen, and returned to London in the evening. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Christian Victor also visited the Queen. Colonel De Parseval had the honour of being presented. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen on Tuesday; and on Wednesday, Dec. 21, her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor Castle for the Isle of Wight. The Court is expected to reside at Osborne till about the middle of February.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander of Teck, and the Duc de Chartres visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on Dec. 15, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales and suite left Marlborough House in the evening on a visit to Earl Brownlow at his country seat near Berkhamstead, where a shooting-party had been invited to meet their Royal Highnesses, who returned on Monday. Princesses Louise, Maud, and Victoria of Wales left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sandringham. The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Marlborough House on Dec. 19. Their Royal Highnesses visited the Lyceum Theatre in the evening, and witnessed the performance of "The Winter's Tale." On Dec. 20 the Prince received from Colonel F. Grieve, at Marlborough House, the old colours of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; and in the evening the Prince and Princess witnessed the performance of "The Bells of Haslemere" at the Adelphi. Their Royal Highnesses were to leave town on Dec. 23 for Sandringham, to remain there for about a fortnight.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

A song for Christmas? Who can sing
Beneath this frowning northern sky?
Shall we like summer birds take wing,
And from our sullen winter fly?
A Christmas dance? Ah! who shall make
The music for our leaden feet?
The snow falls faster flake on flake,
And drives along the wind-swept street.
Our skies are grey, our fields are bare:
The east wind pipes a bitter strain—
Through rain, and hail, and snow we fare—
What charm can change the cold refrain?
Ah! patient Love can always sing
Beneath all skies; and Love can blow
His tuneful pipe, despite the sting
Of biting winds and driving snow.
The South can boast its cloudless sky,
And summer sea, and flowers, and fruit—
We care not—Love is always by
To cheer us with his magic flute.
Then, though our Christmas skies are grey,
And Christmas winds blow loud and long;
We heed them not, Love shows the way,
And, laughing, leads the dance and song.

ROBERT MACPHERSON.

Mr. Beasley, Q.C., has resigned the Recordership of Hull on account of failing health.

A soirée was given at the galleries of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours on Dec. 15 by the President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers (Sir C. Bright) and Lady Bright.

The Portrait of the late Sir George Burrows, M.D., is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi, of Pall-mall East; that of Professor Virchow, of Berlin, from one by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street; and that of Professor Bergmann, by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

MUSIC.

The Royal Academy of Music gave an orchestral and choral concert at St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 17, in memory of Sir G. A. Macfarren, when the deceased composer's "St. John the Baptist" was finely performed—a fitting tribute to the late Principal of the institution, whose death and career were recently noticed in this Journal. The work now referred to was originally produced at the Bristol Festival in 1873, and is one of several such compositions, the others being "The Resurrection," "Joseph," and "King David." "St. John the Baptist" contains much skilful and effective writing, especially in the choral portions. The oratorio had previously been given at the Crystal Palace, about two years after its production at Bristol. The soloists on the latest occasion now referred to were Misses L. Crabtree, H. Jones, and G. Williams, and Messrs. D. Hughes and F. Pearce. Mr. Barnby conducted. The oratorio was preceded by the funeral march from the deceased composer's music to "Ajax." Mr. Barnby conducted.

The first portion of the thirty-second series of the Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace was completed last week with the eleventh performance. The programme consisted of Mr. F. H. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth." As the work has been noticed by us in reference to its first production at the Worcester Festival in September, and again when given at one of Novello's oratorio concerts on Dec. 1, it is needless now to dwell on merits and characteristics which have already been fully recognised. The solo vocalists in the Crystal Palace performance were Misses Anna Williams and A. Larkcom, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills. The work—conducted by its composer—was again favourably received.

The Bach Choir entered on a new season last Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 20, at Prince's Hall. The institution was founded in 1876, and was for some years actively directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the late Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt having on many occasions co-operated in the choral performances. Mr. Goldschmidt, having resigned the conductorship, has been succeeded by Professor Villiers Stanford. The original sole purpose of the Bach choir has within recent years been judiciously extended by admitting works of various schools and periods into its programmes, thus affording opportunities for comparison and contrast, which were not the case under the original purpose. Tuesday's concert consisted chiefly of unaccompanied choral music, ancient and modern, beginning with the eight-part "Magnificat" by G. Gabrieli, who flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Other specimens by early composers were drawn from Jean Pieter, Sweelinck, M. Praetorius, Palestrina, and Gibbons; a motet by the elder Samuel Wesley, and one by Brahms, and part-songs by Brahms and R. L. De Pearsall, having completed the vocal programme. Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" (for eight solo voices and double choir) was given for the first time here. The choral performances were generally efficient. The vocal music was relieved by Miss Shinner's refined execution of a violin sonata by Tartini, and of her share in a "Partita," with piano-forte, by Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry, who sustained the part for the latter instrument. The vocal pieces were ably conducted by Professor Stanford.

The third of the present series of the Novello Oratorio Concerts took place on Thursday evening, Dec. 15, when the programme included Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, "The Ancient Mariner." This effective musical setting of Coleridge's celebrated romantic poem was originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1867, its success there having been paralleled by its subsequent reception in many other provincial quarters. It is, perhaps, the best of Mr. Barnett's several productions of its class; the music—if not always realising the intense, weird romanticism of the text—being full of fluent and agreeable melody, which is effective both in the solo and choral portions of the work. It was very well rendered on the occasion now referred to, in all its details by soloists, chorists, and instrumentalists; the solo vocalists having been Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley—an excellent quartet. The composer conducted. The cantata was preceded by Professor C. Villiers Stanford's Irish symphony, conducted by himself; the concert having closed with Mendelssohn's sublime setting of the 114th Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," directed by Mr. Randegger—the order of the programme having been changed in consequence of the late arrival of one of the solo vocalists.

The excellent Heckmann string quartet party gave the third and last concert of the series, at Prince's Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 15, when quartets by Mozart and Schumann, and Beethoven's leviathan work in C sharp minor (Op. 131), were finely rendered.

The Monday evening and Saturday afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are suspended as usual at this season. This week's evening concert opened with Beethoven's string quartet in F. (Op. 135), one of his latest and most elaborate compositions of this class. It was skilfully led by Madame Norman-Néruda in association with M. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti; these artists having co-operated with Madame Janotha in Schumann's pianoforte quintet. The lady just named was the solo pianist of the evening, her chief performance having been in Chopin's "Ballade" in A flat. Spohr's duet in E minor (Op. 13) (given for the first time here), was skilfully executed by Madame Néruda and Herr Straus, and vocal pieces, sung with much refinement by Miss L. Lehmann, completed an interesting programme. The previous Saturday afternoon concert included the co-operation of the same string quartet party, Mr. Hallé as solo pianist and Mrs. Henschel as vocalist. The afternoon performance will be resumed on Jan. 7, and the evening concerts on the following Monday.

The programme of the sixth of Mr. Henschel's London symphony concerts included a repetition of Wagner's symphony—produced at a previous concert, as already noticed.

The last evening performance of Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall was announced for the closing day of the year; the programme of this—as of the previous afternoon concert—having been of the customary interest in its vocal and instrumental details.

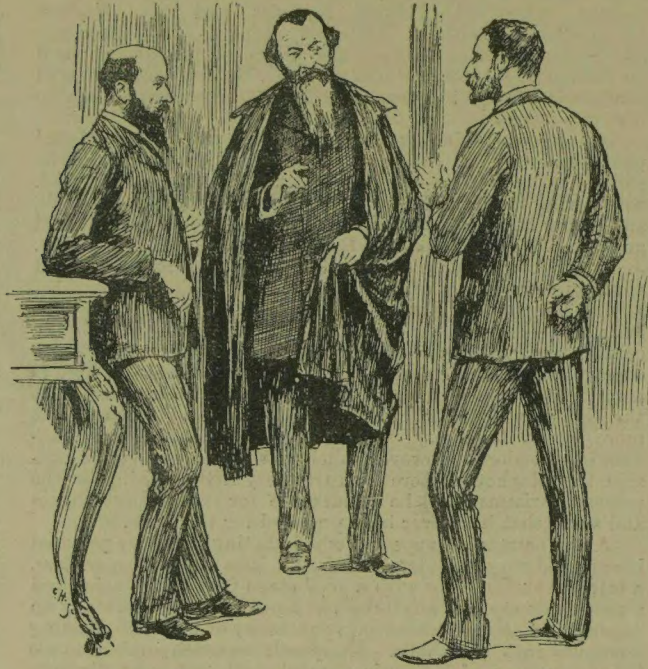
The competition for the Balfé Scholarship took place at the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday, Dec. 19. The scholarship was awarded to Reginald Steggall. The Potter Exhibition was awarded to William John Kipps.

The students of the Hyde Park Academy of Music gave their third concert last week at the Steinway Hall. Among the vocalists were Mrs. White, the Misses Connie and Nina Dieseldorff, and Miss Kate Willis. Mrs. White, in her rendering of Gaul's "Entreat me not to leave thee," displayed great taste. The concert was satisfactorily conducted by Mr. H. F. Frost.

After this week there will be a comparative lull in musical activity, for a brief period only: during the early run of pantomime and other Christmas and New-Year's amusements, the principal serial concerts are temporarily suspended as usual at this period. Among the latest musical performances of the year was that announced by the Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall, for Thursday evening, Dec. 22, when Handel's oratorio, the "Messiah," was promised.



PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.

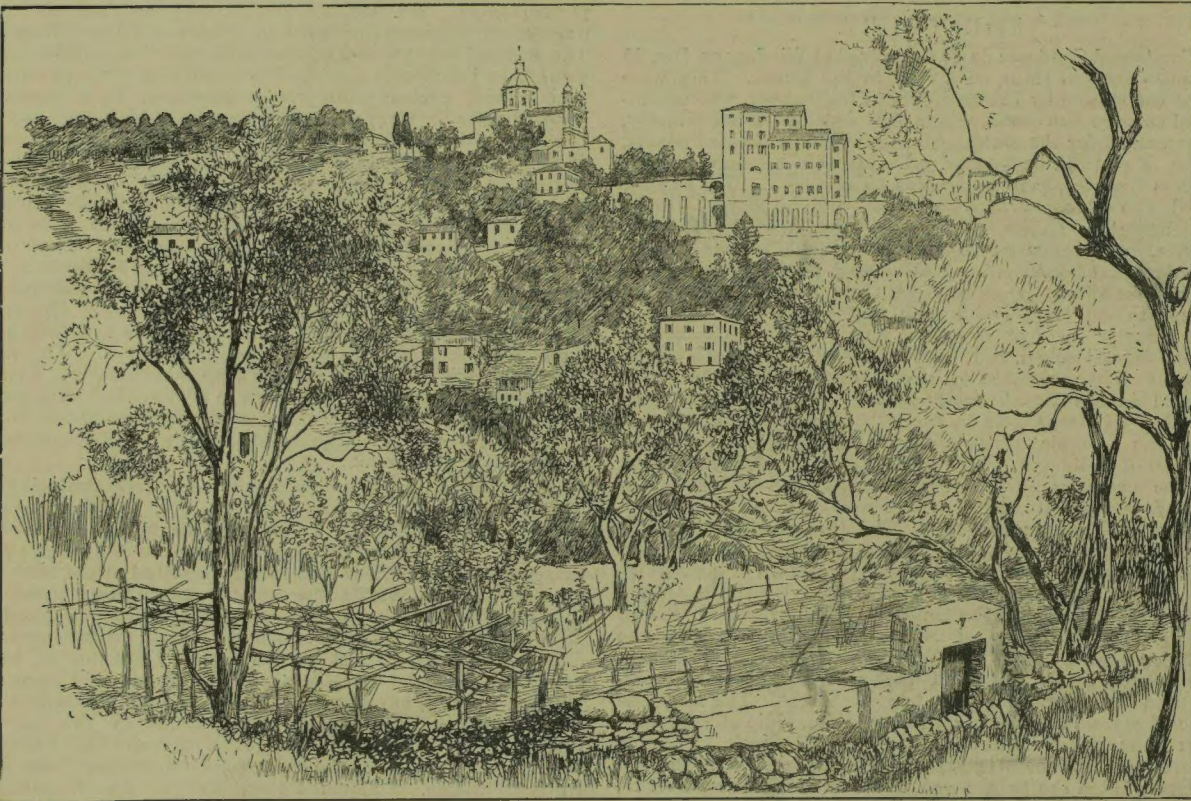


Dr. Braumann. Dr. Dettweiler. Dr. Krause.

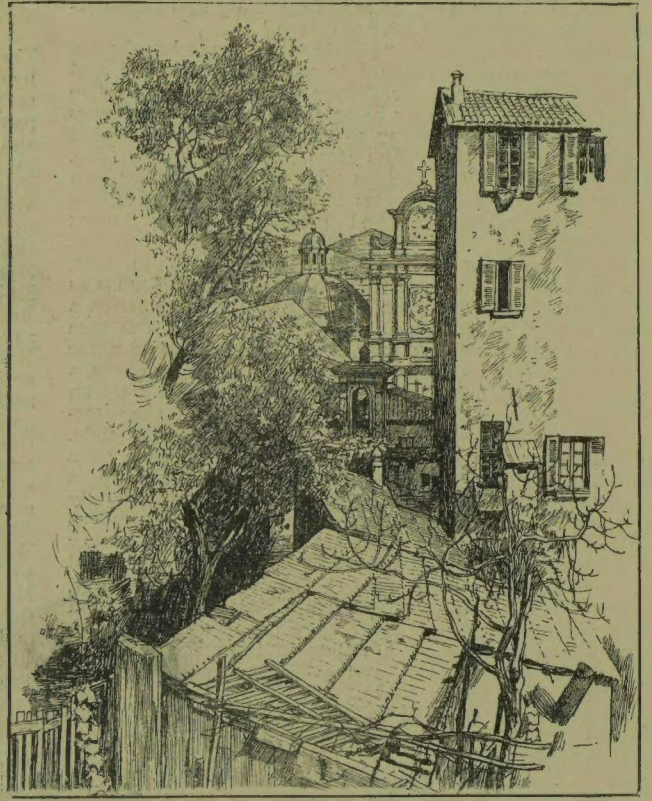
A CONSULTATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S PHYSICIANS.



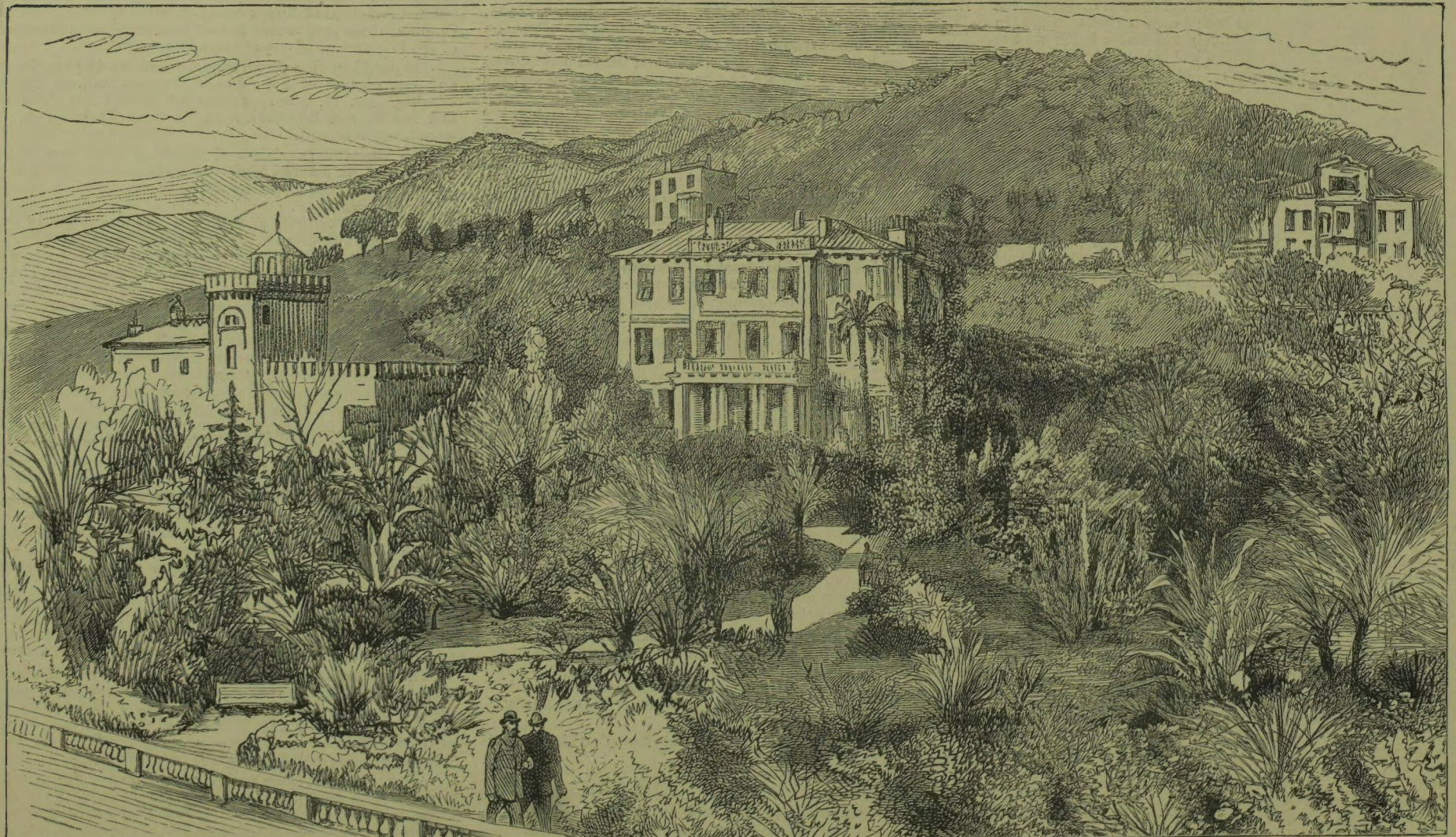
PROFESSOR BERGMANN.



CHURCH OF THE MADONNA DELLA COSTA.

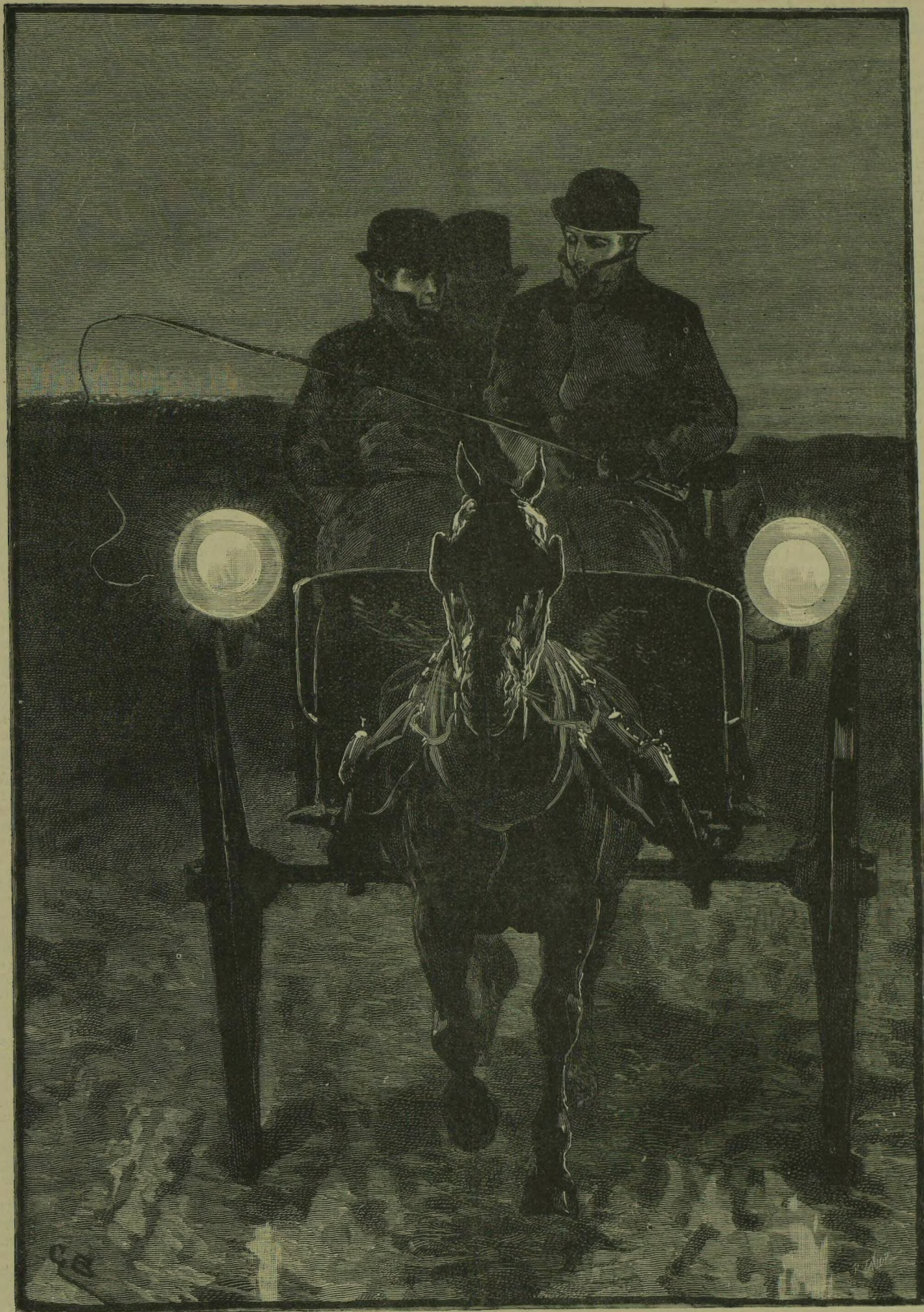


VIEW FROM THE VIA BERIGO.



THE VILLA ZIRIO, SAN REMO.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

Engaged in conversation they drove along.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIFF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER LII.

RICHARD GARDEN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF
FANNY LETHBRIDGE.

Punctually at nine o'clock in the morning Tom Barley made his appearance in Fred Cornwall's rooms. Garden, having assumed the command of what nearly everyone but himself would have considered a forlorn hope, of course was present; he was fresh and bright, but Fred's face was haggard and anxious. In this respect Tom Barley was no better off; the poor fellow was suffering a martyrdom. The reproaches hurled against him by 'Melia-Jane had caused him to look upon himself as a monster of wickedness, and to believe that it was his evidence alone that had brought his beloved young mistress into deadly peril. When Fred Cornwall offered him his hand he shrank back a little, and stood before the young lawyers in an attitude of sad humility, with his arms drooping by his side.

"Why will you not give me your hand, Tom?" asked Fred.

"It's more than I dare do, Sir," replied Tom. "I ought to have mine cut off, and my tongue cut out as well, for saying what I did in court, and for bringing Miss Phoebe to her death. If I'd had a notion of the consequences of my evidence, not a word would they have got out of me, whatever the consequence. 'Melia-Jane is right; I don't deserve to live. It come over me last night that I might have saved Miss Phoebe if, instead of saying what I did say, I had said something else."

"What?" inquired Garden, in a kind tone.

"Confessed to killing Miser Farebrother myself. I was there, and might have done it, and would if I'd seen him, as sure as there's a God above us, if I'd had a notion of what things were coming to! Yes; if I'd said as much they'd have been bound to believe me, and Miss Phoebe would have been

set free. You see, Sir, there was every reason for my killing him: he treated me like a dog for years, and I hated him worse than poison. Are you a lawyer, Sir?"

"Yes," replied Garden; "and I am assisting Mr. Cornwall in this matter that we all have so much at heart. I do not at all despair of proving Miss Farebrother's innocence even yet."

"There's only one way of doing that, Sir, if it can be done legally. I'd like to ask you a question, if you wouldn't mind answering it."

"Go on, Tom."

"Would it be too late for me to go to the police-station now, and give myself up for the murder? If they'd only believe me I should be a happy man again. Then Miss Phoebe would be saved, and everything'd be right."

"It is too late for that, Tom. Besides, it would be depriving us of the chance of bringing the crime home to the guilty parties and making them suffer for it."

"Ah! if we could do that, Sir, it would be the happiest day's work that ever was done in this cruel world! I'd be content to die the day after."

"Well, I am not at all sure that we shall not manage it," said Garden, "and perhaps, Tom, it all depends upon you."

"Upon me, Sir!" cried Tom; and Fred also turned to Garden in surprise.

"Perhaps upon you. We shall soon know if the tack I am on will bring us safe in port."

"Your inspiration, Dick?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"My inspiration, Fred," said Garden, gravely. "If the tack is a wrong one, we'll try another. Now, Tom, you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You could do no less than speak the truth."

"I could, Sir: I could have held my tongue."

"There is no possibility of your being mistaken in any part of the evidence you gave?"

"Unluckily no, Sir. I say so to you because you're Miss Phoebe's friend; but if I had the opportunity now I'd swear the other way."

"Don't speak like that, Tom. What we want is to save

Miss Farebrother honestly and honourably; that is our first great object. The next is, to bring the murderers to justice. You were not in court during the whole of the trial?"

"No, Sir. I was told when to go to give my evidence, and then I had to go back to my duty."

"You were not aware, before you answered the questions as to the woman you saw in the grounds at Parkside and the dress she wore, that other witnesses were examined with respect to the colour of the dress Miss Farebrother had on when she left her aunt's house?"

"No, Sir; I knew nothing of it, and I wondered what they were driving at."

"You swore to the colour—blue?"

"Yes, Sir," replied poor Tom, hanging his head.

"You would swear to it again?"

Tom looked round helplessly.

"You would swear to it again?" repeated Garden.

"No, I wouldn't," said Tom, savagely.

"You would, Tom, because it is the truth; and, if I am on the right tack, only the truth will serve us. Now, although you were not in court during the whole of the trial you read the report of it in the papers?"

"I did, Sir."

"Clear your mind, Tom, and bend it on what I am about to ask you. In reading the report of the trial, did anything particular strike you?"

"It was full of lies, Sir."

"I am sure of that. But anything very special"—and here Garden's voice trembled slightly, as though he were approaching a crucial test—"say as to the colour of dresses? Think, Tom."

"No occasion to think, Sir. What they said about Mrs. Pamflett's dresses was a pack of lies from beginning to end."

"How is that, Tom?" asked Garden, rising and moving a step nearer to Tom Barley.

"Why, Sir, wasn't it said that Mrs. Pamflett hated blue dresses, and never wore one?"

"They did, Tom."

"Damned lies, Sir! Why didn't they ask me about that? I ought to know, living at Parkside the years I did. I've seen her hundreds and hundreds of times in a blue dress." Garden caught Fred's hand. "You are ready to swear that?"

"Ready, Sir? Yes, and it's the truth—by God!"

A look of triumph flashed into Garden's eyes, and his face was radiant. "I'm on the right tack, Fred," he cried; "Miss Farebrother is saved!"

On the evening of that day Richard Garden and Fred Cornwall met Kiss by appointment. The kind-hearted actor had news of vital importance to give them. Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah were still at No. 12, Surrey-street, and had not stirred out the whole of the day.

"Adjoining the room they eat and drink in," said Kiss, "is a little box-room, too small to let to any lodger, but large enough for lumber, and that's the use it's put to by the landlady. Formerly it was part of the room the two fiends have taken, but some time ago it was partitioned off for boxes and that kind of thing. Consequently the wall that separates it from the larger room is made of wood instead of brick. It is a cupboard, nothing more, and anybody concealed there can hear what is going on in the adjoining apartment. Sir, Mrs. Linton, provided with sandwiches and cold tea, has been concealed in that cupboard nearly the whole of the day, unknown to the Pamfletts. The woman who stole the diamond bracelet has been with them, and she heard all that passed. That strange paragraph which is in all the evening papers about the bracelet that was stolen being the genuine one is true. Mrs. Linton heard the woman swear to it. She wanted to know whether Jeremiah Pamflett had possession of the bracelet. At first he denied that he had, but the woman said he was telling a lie, and did not intend to be done. They almost got to high words, but the Pamfletts spoke in a low voice and calmed the woman down; and upon her swearing that if they did not tell her the truth she would go straight to the police-station and confess the robbery and have them arrested, they confessed that they had got the bracelet, but had deposited it elsewhere for safety. 'That being so,' said the woman, 'you must have stolen it from Miser Farebrother, and the girl who has been found guilty of his murder is innocent. It was you who murdered him! You are in my power now, and if you don't pay me well to hold my tongue I'll have the pair of you hanged!' For a little while after that Mrs. Linton heard nothing more—only a murmur of voices; but before she went away she heard the woman say, 'To-morrow night, then, at ten o'clock; and mind you come with the bracelet and the money ready. If you don't, your life is not worth an hour's purchase.' That was all; when the woman was gone, Mrs. Pamflett and her son talked in whispers, and not a word could Mrs. Linton catch. But I think she heard enough."

"Quite enough," said Garden, "and you have rendered us an inestimable service. What you have told us would almost justify our taking immediate action against the monsters; but there is something else of great importance to do within the next few hours. We will take them red-handed to-morrow night, the two murderers and the thief who in the first instance stole the bracelet. Then the case will be complete, and there will be no escape for them. Now go back and keep watch upon their movements. They must not be allowed to go anywhere without being followed. If you have the slightest reason to fear that they will give you the slip, lay hands upon them, collect a crowd, and give them in charge."

"Upon what charge?" asked Kiss.

"Upon the charge of stealing the bracelet. If that will not do, say that new evidence has come to light respecting the murder of Miser Farebrother, which proves them to be implicated in it. Give the police my card, and say I will attend at the police-station at ten o'clock to-morrow morning to prove my case. Meanwhile, you will, of course, let me know that you have taken action. But the necessity will not arise: the Pamfletts will not attempt to escape from the woman for the next twenty-four hours; they are quite aware that sudden flittings from place to place would be likely to draw attention upon them, and their chief desire is to avoid observation and be left to themselves, in order that in a little while they may disappear quietly from the country, taking with them the bracelet and the money they must have stolen from Miser Farebrother. If I were not thoroughly convinced of this I should set aside a most important affair in connection with the evidence upon the murder, and have the Pamfletts arrested immediately. My object is to make the case against them so complete that they shall have no loophole of escape. It will hasten the hour of Miss Farebrother's release instead of retarding it."

"You are a good general, Mr. Garden," said Kiss, "you put heart into your soldiers. Your instructions shall be followed to the letter."

Half-an-hour afterwards they were in Aunt Leth's house, and were shown into the room in which that good woman and Fanny were sitting. Aunt Leth started up at their entrance, but before she could speak Garden said,

"You received my letter?"

"Yes, and Fred's also, telling me to do everything you desired."

"Then you have everything prepared?"

"Yes; everything."

"Try to be calm, I beg of you, for your dear niece's sake."

"I will, I will; but it is all so strange—and I cannot understand"—

"Make no attempt to do so yet; very soon you will know all. You will be ready to start with Fred at one o'clock?"

"Yes; I shall be ready."

"Wrap yourself up warm; the nights are chilly now. You may have some time to wait, but you will not mind that. I want to be sure that you will be there before us. Fred will show you exactly what you have to do, and the time to do it. Sit down now and compose yourself. It would be all the better if you could sleep for an hour or two before you start. If you cannot sleep, you can rest; and remember that everything we are doing is to save an innocent angel, to restore her to light and love."

"One word only," said the agitated woman: "you have hope?"

"Something more than hope," replied Garden, with a bright look: "almost a certainty!"

"Oh, thank God!—thank God!" murmured Aunt Leth; and, sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and, with tears gushing from her eyes, prayed silently and fervently.

"Mr. Garden," said Fanny, stepping forward and taking his hand, "you will save my dear cousin?"

"If it is in man's power to save her," said Garden, gazing earnestly at her sweet, imploring face, "I will save her."

"It is in your power, is it not? You believe it is in your power?"

"Yes, Miss Lethbridge; I firmly believe it."

All this time she had held his hand, and now she lowered her face to it; and a thrill ran through Garden's frame as he felt the soft pressure of her lips. Then Fanny turned and went to her mother's side, and folded her in her arms.

CHAPTER LIII.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

At an hour past midnight Fred Cornwall called for Aunt Leth in a closed carriage, driven by a pair of smart horses. Aunt Leth, warmly enveloped in a cloak which entirely covered her dress, was waiting for him. Parting from her family with tears and kisses and blessings, she accompanied Fred to the carriage, and they drove slowly off in the direction of Parkside.

About a mile behind them, on the same road, trotted a horse attached to a dog-cart. Garden was driving, and Tom Barley sat by his side. On the back seat sat a groom.

"What I want you to do, Tom," said Garden, "is to go over the ground exactly as you did on the night of the murder. Where you stopped then, I want you to stop now; and it will be all the better if you can remember the exact turns you took on that occasion."

"There's no fear, Sir, of my not being able to remember. Day and night I think of nothing else."

"And now tell me again what occurred on the night Miss Farebrother was turned from her father's house, and you rode with her to London on that scoundrel Pamflett's horse."

Engaged in conversation, they drove along until they heard the sound of carriage-wheels in front of them; and presently, through the darkness, they discerned the carriage.

"Hold the horse, Tom," said Garden. "That carriage seems to be going the same road as we are, and I want to be certain that we are going right."

"We are going quite right, Sir. I could take you blind-fold, I believe."

"I daresay, Tom," said Garden, jumping down from the dog-cart; "but I am a self-willed fellow, and I would not make a mistake to-night for all the gold in the world. We have plenty of time, have we not?"

"Plenty, Sir."

"Stop here, then. I will rejoin you presently."

He ran and called after the carriage; and the coachman, obeying instructions from someone inside, pulled up. In a breathless state, Garden presented himself at the carriage-door.

"Are you all right and comfortable?" he gasped.

"Yes, Dick," replied Fred. "And you?"

"Everything is going on splendidly," said Garden. "A bright night, Mrs. Lethbridge, isn't it?"

She pressed his hand in acquiescence, her voice failing her when she tried to answer him. It was a singular opinion to have of a night so dark that they could scarcely see a dozen yards before them.

"You must take care and not catch cold," said Garden.

"Was Miss Lethbridge well when you left her?"

Fred replied for Aunt Leth. "Yes, Dick; and she sent you the kindest of messages."

"It was very good of her to think of me. But you don't mean to say you saw her, Fred? She ought to have been asleep hours before."

"She is not going to bed to-night. Bob will remain up with her. Uncle Leth will take a little rest on the sofa."

"Well; perhaps it is natural. I must get back to the dog-cart now, or Tom Barley may be impatient. Drive on, coachman."

As Garden retraced his steps to the dog-cart, he saw with his mind's eye Fanny's pretty face looking up through her tears, and the smile upon his lips was a proof that the vision was an agreeable one.

It was a little past four o'clock when the dog-cart drew up at the gates of Parkside.

"Now, Tom," said Garden, as he and Tom Barley alighted, "take me over the ground, and don't make the slightest mistake."

The strange task upon which they were engaged occupied them till sunrise.

"Was the light when you saw the woman in the blue dress about the same as it is now?" asked Garden.

"Yes, Sir; only it was a little earlier in the morning. And I was standing as near as possible on this very spot when I first saw her."

"I want to know the exact direction, Tom. We are facing those trees yonder. Was it there?"

"Yes, Sir; among those very trees."

"Be sure, Tom," said Garden, stepping two or three paces behind, and taking a white handkerchief from his pocket. "Don't turn, Tom. You are sure?"

"I am sure, Sir," said Tom, looking straight before him.

Garden waved the white handkerchief high in the air, and the next moment Tom uttered a loud cry, and darted forward. Garden ran swiftly after him, and caught his arm.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Tom?"

"There! there!" cried Tom, struggling to release himself; but Garden held him fast. Tom's voice trembled from excitement, and his face was white. "I saw her this very minute."

"Saw whom?"

"The woman in the blue dress," cried Tom. "Let me go, Sir! let me go!"

"You must be dreaming, Tom," said Garden, his heart beating high with exultation. "Keep still! keep still! Remember, you have promised to obey me implicitly."

"I saw her, I tell you!" cried Tom, shaking all over, but ceasing to struggle. "And now she has disappeared."

"As she did on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, as she did then."

"But you saw her again?"

"Yes, I saw her again."

"But not in the same spot?"

"No," said Tom, turning in another direction. "This way."

He walked on fifty or sixty yards, and Garden, holding his arm more lightly, accompanied him.

"Why do you stop, Tom?"

"Because I saw her in that clump the second time."

Garden took his hand from Tom's arm, and stepped behind him. Again he took his white handkerchief from his pocket.

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, Tom?"

"It isn't possible for me to be mistaken," said Tom. Garden once more waved his handkerchief in the air. "There! there! There she is again!"

"All right!" shouted Garden, as though he were addressing some person in the distance. Racing after Tom, he threw his arms around him.

"If you don't let me go," screamed Tom, "I shall do you a mischief! There she is, coming towards us!"

Slowly approaching them was a woman in a pink dress, holding her head down.

"Now, Tom," whispered Garden. "It will be over in a moment or two. For God's sake keep still, or you will ruin everything! Do you say that dress is blue?"

"What trick are you playing me?" exclaimed Tom in a hoarse, broken voice. "Do you want to drive me mad? It is blue, I tell you. I'll take my dying oath on it!"

The woman was now very near to them. She raised her head, and Tom started back in affright as he recognised the face of Aunt Leth.

"Tom," she said, holding out her hand.

But Tom, holding his hands outstretched before him, shrank from her as she advanced.

"Tom," said Garden, "you know Mrs. Lethbridge?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in the voice of a man who was utterly dazed; "I know her."

"Would she knowingly deceive you? Would she, whose one great hope is that of saving Miss Farebrother's life, knowingly tell you a lie?"

"No, she could not! she could not!"

"Mrs. Lethbridge," said Garden, "what is the colour of the dress you are wearing?"

"Pink," said Aunt Leth, with wistful trembling.

"Pink!" muttered Tom. "Am I going mad?"

"And here is Mr. Cornwall," said Garden, as Fred joined them. "Fred, what is the colour of the dress Mrs. Lethbridge has on?"

"Pink," said Fred.

"Mrs. Pamflett's favourite colour," said Garden. "The colour of the dress she wore when you saw her here on the night of the murder."

"If you've got any pity in you, Sir," implored Tom, "tell me what all this means!"

"It means, Tom," answered Garden, "that Miss Farebrother is saved, and her innocence proved. It means, Tom, that you are colour-blind. By the mercy of God this has been discovered in time. See to Mrs. Lethbridge, Fred; she is fainting!"

CHAPTER LIV.

JEREMIAH AND HIS MOTHER DISAPPEAR.

That was the busiest of days. There was so much for Richard Garden to do that the wonder was how the young fellow got through it. There were reports from Kiss and Linton to receive from time to time; interviews to be held with the Home Secretary; interviews also with the Judge and with the lawyers for the prosecution; test examinations of Tom Barley by experts in colour-blindness; excursions to Scotland-yard; and a thousand matters to be attended to. Other persons were busy as well. There was sunshine once more in Aunt Leth's house; the family were looking forward with eager impatience to the joy of their dear girl's release; the room which Phoebe shared with Fanny was made bright with flowers and ribbons; every bit of furniture in the house was polished, every saucelid scoured. Uncle Leth came home early from the bank, loaded with delicacies for Phoebe. Yes; everything was for Phoebe. Clean linen on every bed, fires in every room, her own chair here in this corner, on the table the books she loved, the piano open, with her favourite songs ready, her desk looking like new, with fresh ink and pens and paper—everywhere spiritual signs of love. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" sighed Fanny again and again, and, clasped in each other's arms, the mother and daughter wept happy tears, and kissed and laughed, and then broke into tears again. "But we must be patient, darling," said Aunt Leth. "See what Fred says in this telegram—'It cannot be to-day. There are formalities to be gone through. I have seen Phoebe. She knows something, but not all. I feared that the shock would be too great. They say in the prison that she is an angel. She sends you her dearest love. I cannot come to you. Dick and I are very busy. God bless you all!' So you see, Fanny, we must be patient." Telegrams were flying to and fro all the day. "Melia-Jane was wild with joy. 'Tom may come now when he likes,' she said, 'and I shall have a beautiful fortune to tell him.' But Tom did not come to the house, nor did he send a message of even a single word."

At eight o'clock in the evening Fred was alone in his rooms, waiting for Kiss, who had arranged to come for him. In company with Linton and a policeman in private clothes they were to follow Jeremiah and his mother when those two left their lodgings to meet the woman who had stolen the bracelet. They were not acquainted with the place of meeting, but it had been settled that the Pamfletts should be stealthily followed, and that some steps should be taken to overhear what took place between them and the woman, and that afterwards the three should be arrested. Garden could not form one of the party: he had too much to attend to.

It was destined, however, that this carefully-laid plan was not to be carried out. Everything else had succeeded; but this part of the programme of action was doomed to failure.

Kiss did not appear till half-past eight, and when he entered the room Fred divined from the distress depicted in his face that something had gone wrong. His first words were—

"They have escaped us, Mr. Cornwall."

"Escaped you!" cried Fred, in great excitement.

"Yes; it is an unfortunate fact. I could beat my head against the wall, but that wouldn't help us. Whether their suspicions were aroused, or whether they had previously decided upon some course of action of which we were in ignorance, I cannot say; but they have disappeared, and so mysteriously that we don't know what to make of it."

"You, or one of you, saw them go, surely?"

"No, Sir, we did not; and that is the strangest part of it. We all thought they were in their rooms; nothing had been heard of them for three or four hours, and we supposed they were asleep. At last Mrs. Linton came down from her cupboard, and said she did not know what to think of it; but it really seemed to her as if their rooms must be empty. Upon this the landlady said she would go up and ask them whether they required anything, and she did so; a minute afterwards she called to us to come up, and we went. Their rooms were empty; the fiends had disappeared; and that they were gone for good was proved by their having taken certain things with them which, if they had only gone of an errand, they need not have touched."

"Perhaps they will come back," said Fred.

"Not they, Sir," said Kiss, shaking his head. "They are a cunning pair, and they know what they are about. They have thrown us off the scent, Mr. Cornwall, there's no doubt in my mind about that."

Fred considered a moment. "You have the address of the woman they were to meet?"

"Yes, Mr. Cornwall."

"Give it to me: I will rattle there in a cab, and if I cannot learn anything about her I will join you at No. 12."

"You will find it difficult to obtain any information of her, sir."

"Money will accomplish anything. I shall find out what I want to know."

Promising the cabman double fare if he drove at his fastest pace, Fred, in less than half an hour, arrived at the woman's lodgings. The landlady, as Kiss had foreseen, was disinclined to speak of her lodger; but a tip of half a sovereign and the promise of another, loosened her tongue.

"I don't see, after all," said the landlady, "why I shouldn't oblige you. She has left the rooms, and is not coming back."

Then she related how the woman had gone away in an open manner, saying that she was about to leave England, and did not intend to return. She was not going abroad alone; some friends were going with her. That was all.

"Can you tell me her name?" asked Fred.

The landlady replied that she did not know it.

That was the extent of the information Fred could obtain; and there was nothing for it but to go back to Surrey-street and ascertain whether anything had been heard of the Pamfletts. Nothing had been heard, and none of the neighbours could enlighten them. It was evident that they must have taken the greatest pains to get out of the neighbourhood unobserved.

When Garden was informed of what had taken place, he was inexpressibly annoyed. It happened that Tom Barley was with him when Fred was giving an account of the occurrence.

"Ah, well," said Garden, presently, "we must make the best of it. We must put the police on their guard immediately. The night-trains to the Continent must be watched, and to-morrow we will get a reward for their apprehension. I may manage to get an advertisement in some of the papers to-night. I have seen Mr. Quinlan, the wealthy owner of the stolen bracelet, and he has admitted that it was the genuine one which was stolen. He said he told the story to the police and the reporters in order that he should not be annoyed. 'I am rich enough to be able to afford such a loss,' he said. Wish we were, eh, Fred? I doubt whether I should have succeeded in prevailing upon him to let me pursue the case had I not informed him that in connection with it was a diabolical murder, for which an innocent girl had been condemned to death. 'The man who has the bracelet,' I said, 'is the man who committed the murder; and he and another laid an infernal plot to bring a beautiful girl to a shameful end.' This excited him, and he has given me carte blanche as to the expenses. So to-morrow we will offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the apprehension of Jeremiah Pamflett and his mother. It is good to know that their disappearance will not retard Miss Farebrother's release; everything is in training for that happy event. Ill as I can afford it, I would give something out of my own pocket to know what takes place to-night between the murderers and thieves."

To some extent, the late editions of the newspapers on the following day supplied him and the country with the intelligence he desired to obtain:—

"THE MURDER OF MISER FAREBROTHER.—THE MYSTERY OF THE DIAMOND BRACELET.—STRANGE REVELATIONS.

"The painful interest excited in the public mind by the trial of Miss Farebrother for the murder of her father, Miser Farebrother—a crime of which, in the teeth of the verdict, the young lady is now incontestably proved to be innocent—will be revived by the account we now publish of an outrage which took place, last night, in an untenanted timber-yard near Nine Elms.

"These premises have been unoccupied for some considerable time. They are of large extent, and out of the way of regular traffic. Early this morning, just before sunrise, the policeman on the beat, passing the timber-yard, heard a sound as of a person moaning within. Entrance to the yard is obtained through a pair of wooden gates, which are in a very dilapidated condition, being practically off their hinges. Indeed, by persons in the neighbourhood they are regarded as unsafe, and as likely soon to fall to pieces. The policeman, passing through these gates and going some distance into the yard, his course being guided by the faint moaning which had first arrested his attention, saw before him a woman in a frightful state. She was bleeding from a deep wound at the back of her neck, which must have been inflicted some hours previously, and was not sufficiently sensible to understand or reply to the questions addressed to her. Without delay the policeman procured assistance, and the woman was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she was examined by the surgeon, who pronounced the wound she had received fatal, giving it as his opinion that she could not live twenty-four hours. Her pockets, which bore the appearance of having been rifled, contained nothing which afforded a clue to her name or address, nor were her clothes marked in a way which would lead to her identification. At ten o'clock this morning the woman recovered consciousness, and being made sensible that death was approaching, requested the presence of a magistrate, to whom she made her dying deposition, which we give here word for word:

"My name is Maria Baily. I was in the employ of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Quinlan. I was acquainted with a man who called himself Captain Ablewhite, but that is not his right name, and I don't know what is. He promised to marry me, and he prevailed upon me to steal a diamond bracelet of great value. It was worth forty or fifty thousand pounds. What I did with the bracelet after I took it from the jewel-case of my mistress has been described in all the papers. We were stopping at the Langham Hotel. A man was waiting outside on the night I stole it, and I went and gave it to him, and then I ran away from my service to a room Captain Ablewhite had taken for me in Leman-street, Whitechapel. Captain Ablewhite told me that the man to whom I gave the bracelet was named Jeremiah Pamflett, and that his master, a rich money-lender, Miser Farebrother, was going to lend money on it. Three days after I stole the bracelet Captain Ablewhite took me away to Germany, and I remained with him some time. He told me that Jeremiah Pamflett had cheated him; that he had promised to get four thousand pounds from Miser Farebrother for the bracelet, and that Jeremiah Pamflett had only given him two hundred. When the account was put into the newspapers that the bracelet I had stolen was of no value, and that the stones in it were false, Captain Ablewhite said it was not true, and that the bracelet I had given to Jeremiah Pamflett was the real one. Then Captain Ablewhite quarrelled with me, and deserted me. Not knowing what to do, I came back to London and found out Jeremiah Pamflett. I thought it would have been difficult to find him, but it was very easy, because his master had been murdered, and there was a great trial just over, in which Miser Farebrother's daughter had been found guilty of the murder of her father. Jeremiah Pamflett tried to escape from me; but I would not let him, and the end of it was that he confessed he had the bracelet in his possession; and he proposed that he, his mother, and I should all go away together to America, where he would be able to sell the diamonds, and where, changing our names, we could live in safety. We were to meet last night at Nine Elms, and he and his mother were there when I arrived. So that we could talk together undisturbed, he took me to the place in which I was discovered, and there we had a quarrel. He wanted to give me ten pounds only, and said that he would send me more after he got safely away. I was in a great passion, and I asked him, if Miser Farebrother had given him four thousand pounds for the bracelet—which money he said he had given to Captain Ablewhite—how it was that it was now in his possession? He said that was his business; and then we got to higher words, and I accused him of murdering Miser Farebrother so that he might rob him. Then Jeremiah Pamflett said, 'Do you want to know the truth? I did kill him; and that is how I got the bracelet back again. But you shall not live to tell anybody else. I will kill you as I killed the miser.' As he said that, he plunged a knife into me, and I fell to the ground. The last words I heard was what his mother said: 'She is dead; you have killed her. Let us get away as quick as possible.' I do not remember

anything more. I know I am dying. And I swear to God that I have told nothing but the truth."

"Maria Baily signed this deposition, and then almost immediately became unconscious. The latest reports are to the effect that she cannot live through the night.

"Thus, in a strange and providential manner, a frightful injustice has been averted. It is singular that on the very day on which Jeremiah Pamflett committed this second murder, other evidence was obtained of the innocence of the young lady, who, by an error of justice, was pronounced guilty of the murder of her father. The strongest evidence against the unfortunate and cruelly-wronged lady was supplied by a friend who had a deep affection for her. We refer to the evidence of Tom Barley, a policeman, who swore that he saw in the grounds of Parkside, at the time of the murder of the miser, a woman in a blue dress. Such a dress did Miss Farebrother wear when she went from her aunt's house in London, with the intention of asking her father for some assistance by which her aunt's family could be extricated from a temporary difficulty. It is now proved that Tom Barley is colour-blind, and that the woman he really saw had on a pink dress, such as Mrs. Pamflett, Jeremiah Pamflett's mother, wore on that occasion. This strange discovery opens up a fruitful field of speculation. Other evidence is also forthcoming which indubitably establishes Miss Farebrother's innocence.

"There is now no reason to doubt that the story related by Mrs. Pamflett of the events of the night on which Miser Farebrother met his death was from first to last a cunningly-invented fabrication. Part of this evidence is supplied by a gentleman who has been absent from England on business, and who testifies that Jeremiah Pamflett did not return to Miser Farebrother's London office until seven o'clock of the morning of the murder. It will be remembered that Jeremiah Pamflett swore that he returned at eleven o'clock on the previous night. He and his mother are at large; they could scarcely have had time and opportunity to effect their escape, as a watch was kept upon all the outgoing trains to the Continent last night. The police are on the alert, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of justice, that the criminals will soon be arrested and put upon their trial for their diabolical crimes."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE UNEMPLOYED IN LONDON.

An illustration of one of the offices recently opened in many parts of London for the registration of unemployed workmen and labourers, and for the inspection of the lists by employers, appeared in our last publication. It should have been mentioned that the establishment of these useful agencies for the relief of the industrial distress now sorely felt in the metropolis is due to the beneficent intervention of a single firm, of American origin, the Waterbury Watch Company, of 17, Holborn Viaduct, London (directors, Mr. C. Flint and Mr. W. A. Dunkerley), and of Waterbury, Connecticut, in the United States. We have been furnished, since last week, with a list of fifty-nine district offices which the Waterbury Watch Company has set up at its own expense, and with the numbers of unemployed applicants registered at each office, and the numbers of people, women and children, dependent upon them. It appears that, in all, 17,112 persons seeking employment had availed themselves of the registers provided for them, up to Saturday, Dec. 17. The following is the list of these offices, alphabetically arranged: Battersea, Bermondsey, Bethnal-green (south-west), Bethnal-green (north-east), Bow and Bromley, Bow and Bromley (south), Brixton, Camberwell (north), Chelsea, Clapham, City, Deptford, Dulwich, Finsbury (central), Finsbury (east), Fulham, Greenwich, Hackney (central), Hackney (north), Hackney (south), Hammersmith, Hampstead, Holborn, Islington (north), Islington (west), Islington (south), North Kensington and South Paddington, South Kensington, Kennington, Lewisham, Limehouse, Marylebone (east and west), Mile-end and Stepney, Newington (west) and Walworth, North Lambeth, Norwood, North Paddington, Peckham (Queen's-road), Peckham (Old Kent-road), Poplar, Isle of Dogs, Rotherhithe, St. George's (Hamover-square), St. George's (Lower Hamlets), St. Pancras (west), St. Pancras (east), St. Pancras (north), St. Pancras (south, King's-cross), St. Pancras (south, Tottenham-court-road), Shoreditch, (Haggerston), Shoreditch (Hoxton), Southwark, Strand, Wandsworth, Putney, Lower Tooting, Westminster, Whitechapel, and Woolwich. The numbers actually enrolled, to the end of last week, amounted to 17,112, who had 36,325 persons dependent upon them, making 53,437 persons in distress enabled by these registries to bring their cases under the notice of those who may possibly find them employment. It is believed that this aggregate number represents considerably more than one half of those actually wanting work in the districts above enumerated. We earnestly hope that the registers will be diligently and frequently consulted by all who have any opportunity of giving even casual and temporary employment, or any influence with others who are likely to have such opportunities; and we should be glad to publish classified lists of the numbers available for different trades and kinds of work, in each district. It is with some regret that we acknowledge, having been unprovided last week with the particulars now given, the accidental omission to do justice to the Waterbury Watch Company, and to Mr. W. A. Dunkerley, the managing director, who deserve the highest credit for their admirable arrangements, and for the great expense they have so liberally defrayed, in this noble and judicious attempt to relieve the prevailing distress in London. We are fully convinced that there is no better way of dealing with that most perplexing problem of the present time. The Waterbury Watch Company have undertaken it quite spontaneously, and independently of the Charity Organisation Society, and of the late meeting at the Memorial Hall in Farringdon-street, to which reference was made, and at which the system of registries for the unemployed was noticed with approval.

Mr. J. Rider Haggard has written a story entitled "Cleopatra," for *The Illustrated London News*.

Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, of 83, Southwark-street, whose general and professional diaries we have had occasion to commend for many years, continue to publish two architects' diaries, the builders' diary, and their well-known diary and note-book for 1888—comprising ledger, cash-book, note-book, and diary. In the preparation of these diaries great care has evidently been taken. They are well bound, and of good material; and the diaries contain a digest of important legal decisions given during the year just closing, and a like digest of the latest statutes; with other useful information of a sort that professional men require. Too much praise cannot be given to Messrs. Hudson and Kearns's registered date-indicating blotting-pads, of various sizes, for their utility and durability.

A NEW TALE BY WILLIAM BLACK, entitled "*The Strange Adventures of a House-boat*," written expressly for the "*Illustrated London News*," and forming a fit companion to that favourite story, "*The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*," by the same Author, will be commenced Jan. 7, 1888, in the First Number of a New Volume, and continued weekly until finished.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Princess Christian inherits from the Queen that clear voice, and that perfect, deliberate enunciation which have always made her Majesty's speeches pleasant to listen to, and audible to very large assemblages, even in the open air. The Princess delivered an address of some length on Friday last, in unveiling a statue of the Queen in the Quadrangle at the Royal Holloway College for Women; the second speech, I believe, which this Royal lady has given to large public audiences. The tone of her Royal Highness's speech was high-minded and womanly, giving a combined defence of intellectual culture for women and a warning that the students must take care to be "gentle and courteous" as well as "learned"; to be "true to their womanhood," as well as "to their teachers and their college." The most interesting fact about it, however, was that her Royal Highness did make the speech at all; for, as this is the second address delivered by her to large public audiences, it is clear that Princess Christian may be placed amongst the ladies who do not consider that they "encroach on man's province" in using their oratorical gifts.

New Year's approach has filled the London shop-windows with pretty toys, more or less costly. The jewellers appear to have awakened to the need for novelty; there is a variety of new designs to be seen in their department of art. One which has rapidly become common is a moonstone carved into a broad, grinning face, and surrounded with a narrow gold band like a halo, or else with a crescent set with rubies or diamonds. This is "the man in the moon," and it is placed as the central ornament on a bangle, or set on the middle of a bar of gold as a lace-pin. A much prettier variation of the idea is a tiny female face carved out of the same sort of stone, with a little, open-fronted bonnet of gold above the brow, the "poke" filled in with a tiny coronet of diamond points; this face, set on a bar of gold, makes a really charming lace-brooch. Another more expensive trifle for the same use is a diamond mule, saddled and bridled with bright gold. A spray of mistletoe is most ingeniously represented by means of dead gold for the branches, bright gold for the leaves, and whole pearls looking quite natural by way of berries. A hound's head in diamonds, appearing through a horseshoe, is a pleasant variation on the ever-recurring hunting crop and horseshoe. More costly diamond ornaments represent a peacock's feather, with sapphires for the "eyes." I wonder if the traditional ill-luck of the natural feather would attach to this ingenious imitation! Then there is a beautiful copy of an ostrich-feather in diamonds, the curled fronds of the original being most delicately reproduced. The least engaging, but the most unique, of the set of lace pins that I am describing is in the form of a skull and cross-bones in diamonds. It is very cleverly managed; not a heavy and brutally-exact copy of the relics of mortality, but only a few straight and narrow bars of diamonds, giving the outlines; yet it is impossible to help recognising the object represented at once. There was a time, as the old "memento mori" watches of the sixteenth century show, when it was fashionable to place before one's own eyes, in the shape of an ornament, a constant reminder of one's mortality; but I fear that a lady who walked into a ball-room now with her costly *berthe* of Brussels lace caught up with such an object would be voted to show very bad taste.

Turning from the jewellers' to the fancy shops, one is quite surprised by the infinite variety of forms given to little objects of every-day utility—inkstands, match-boxes, flower-vases, and so on. The devotee of tennis may have her favourite pastime recalled to her mind, in these dark days of its impossibility, by the gift of a writing set fixed on a mahogany stand—the ink-well being exactly like a tennis-ball, the opening being where one of the seams appears; the miniature racket in brass placed on a spring so as to form a letter clip; and the brass wire net, rising at the back of the stand, being provided with two arms at the base so as to act as a pen-tray. Another inkstand is like a frog in the natural colours as well as shape; then there is "the diver," in characteristic dress, the big head forming the stopper to the ink receptacle; while "Bruin" is a glass bottle supported in the paws of a bronze brown bear, across whose arms the pen is laid when it is not in use. An Imperial crown in cut-out brass, with red velvet between its interstices, and a glass ink-pot inside all, is a suitable relic of the Jubilee year.

A noticeable point is in how many varieties of setting clocks and watches are offered. They figure in the tops of umbrella and stick handles, in the centre of ladies' carriage bags, in snug recesses in fur muffs, and in leather armlets to wear in driving. A timepiece can be had set in a banjo to hang on the wall, or pendent from the points of two polished horns, fixed on a metal base, as a table ornament. The extraordinary decline of price in clockwork is no doubt the cause of this richness of choice.

A solid ivory billiard-ball pierced in several places makes a receptacle for wax tapers on the writing or billiard table; while a triplet of billiard-balls, two white and one red, fastened together, make a smoker's set of match-stand, cigarette-holder, and ash-tray. Amongst novelties for the table are muffineers in oxidised silver (the colour of which resembles lead), modelled in the shape of Nordenfeldt shot and cartridge; and silver salt-cellars shaped like shovel hats, others like wheelbarrows, and others like Maltese crosses. A new sugar-dredger is made to resemble a peacock, the body in bright silver, with the breast pierced for the egress of the contents, and the tail in a combination of plain and oxidised silver, giving a very natural appearance of "eyes" upon its surface. Menu cards and holders display endless variety. Cards are to be had exactly resembling oyster-shells, lobster-claws, or slices of cucumber. More elegant, if less curious, are plain cards in holders of pierced silver, each fitted with a bouquet-holder at the back of the stand, so that a spray of natural flowers falls upon the card, and the charm of natural beauty is combined with the list of dishes for the guest's satisfaction.

Gentlemen's tastes are not forgotten, though I am sorry to say the presents specially prepared for their benefit seem nearly all to be connected with the evil habit of smoking, which, happily, is not quite a universal crime. There is a cigarette-case, very light, though made in electro-plate, which is provided with a safety-pin at the back wherewith to pin it to the creature's waistcoat so that it shall not disturb the fit of his evening garments by bulging out his pockets. Then there is an "after-dinner set," comprising a little spirit-lamp and a tray for cigars, with a smaller tray a step lower down for cigarettes, to be passed round the table when the ladies have left—the smoke and the means for lighting it thus being presented together. Even umbrellas and sticks are constructed with an assumption that a man always needs smoking apparatus ready to hand, the heads being removable and the sticks hollow to hold cigarettes or vestas. There are innumerable varieties of dressing-cases and dressing-bags. Travelling or table clocks, paper-knives, writing materials generally, books, slates for noting engagements, and date-tablets, are acceptable presents for mothers and wives to offer their men-folk. But really appropriate gifts for gentlemen are few, and ingenuity certainly might well be directed to inventing something specially masculine, not too costly, and yet not implying that every man smokes or drinks, or ought to do so.—F. F. M.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY, WITH HER DAUGHTERS AND PRINCE HENRY, RETURNING FROM AN EXCURSION ON BOARD A TORPEDO-BOAT.



VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE TO AN OIL WAREHOUSE.



CHRISTMAS DAY ON BOARD A TRAINING-SHIP.

CHRISTMAS IN MY LIBRARY.

Heap up the fire, and, for the sake of old associations, throw a Yule log upon the glowing coals; trim the lamp, draw the curtains over the window, and wheel my cosiest chair up to the library table. Good; all is now as it should be, and I may spend a Christmas hour or two among my books. But leave the door ajar just a little, so that the sound of merry voices and the echoes of song and carol may reach me in subdued tones; not loud enough to disturb, but as a kind of soft running accompaniment to my thoughts, and a delicate suggestion of the "festive season."

In his immortal Diary, Mr. Pepys records a Christmas Day which he spent in reading, or, rather, in making his boy read to him, "The Life of Julius Cæsar" and Descartes' "Book of Music." Neither seems to me the sort of book one should choose as one's companion by the Christmas fire. It must have needed all Mr. Pepys' musical proclivities to render the treatise of Descartes endurable; and Julius Cæsar—great though he was as statesman, warrior, legislator, historian—is not exactly the character which one connects of one's own accord with the Christmas season of peace and goodwill. It is a maxim dear to housewives that there is, or should be, a time for everything, and that everything has, or should have, its proper time. The maxim may very properly be applied to books. There are times when we should read Juvenal, as there are times when we should take a cathartic; but not at Christmas, not with a carol ringing in our ears, and telling of Christian hope and faith. There are times when a strong tonic, like Tacitus, is advisable; but not at Christmas, when our hearts should be open to the sweet and happy influences of the season. One of our essayists has a pleasant paper on the books which he thinks congenial with certain times and places—some for a summer noon in the garden, others for an autumn day in the woods, others, again, for winter and the chimney-corner—and the idea strikes me as an agreeable and a felicitous idea, which has many pretty ramifications, and might be carried into charming regions of speculation and inquiry. Thus one might have "Books to be read by an Invalid," "Books for a Convalescent," "Books to be read in a Fit of the Blues," "Books for a Jilted Lover," or "Books for a Rainy Day in November." One might say that the bold adventurous spirit of Mr. Rider Haggard's fictions marks them out as fit reading for the seashore on stormy days; but the beautiful pages of Mr. Ruskin should be read with the warm sunlight upon them; while spring flowers and vernal airs associate harmoniously with the gracious strains of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Underwoods." To go back to the older writers, Sir Thomas Browne is a meet companion for the latter days of the declining year, when one feels disposed, like Shakspeare's Richard II., to "sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings." His "Hydriotaphia" should be read, I think, to the sound of solemn organ-music. Midnight and a chancel-house indicate "the when" and "the where" for John Webster's terrible tragedies; while the tenderness and grace and spiritual refinement of Spenser's poetry commend it to the reader on bright days and in enchanted woods.

I do not advise my friends to take up a new book at Christmas-time. The perusal of a new book, if it be one of worth, and on a weighty subject, necessarily involves a certain amount of curiosity, and, I may even say, of intellectual stir and restlessness; while, just now, we desire to take life gently—not to seek out our pleasures, but, as it were, to have them drop lightly, like rose-leaves, into our laps. Therefore, a book with an old familiar face—well thumbed and worn, so that it opens spontaneously at the choicest passages; a book which we can treat with the easy consideration we extend to an old friend—is the book for Christmas reading. "I seek, in the reading of books," says Montaigne, "only to please myself by an irreproachable diversion." And this is the spirit in which holiday reading should be conducted. We should do nothing, again, to quote Montaigne, "without gaiety." By-the-way, no pleasanter Christmas guest can we hope to entertain than the immortal French essayist. His genial wisdom, his large knowledge of men and things, his pleasant garrulity, his shrewd egotism, the simplicity which mingles with all this wisdom and shrewdness, his unaffected and enlightened religion—these qualities endear him to us always, but we can appreciate them best when we are in a holiday mood. Then, again, we can take up "the Essays" and put them down when we will. We can read a page, or two pages, and lay the book aside without breaking off in the midst of an elaborate chain of reasoning; and wherever we dip we are sure to bring up some pearl—some precious gem of thought, some pregnant and suggestive reflection—which will serve us for hours in the solitude of our library, and lead the mind away into wide fields of ratiocination and fancy; as, for example—"The souls of emperors and cobblers are all cast in the same mould," "To honour the God of our own making is far from honouring Him who hath made us," "The world runs all on wheels," "Every man beareth the whole stamp of human conception," "It is a being, but not a life, to be tied and bound by necessity to one only course." For a like reason we take old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" to be an admirable companion for the Christmas fire-side. It is a book to be consumed, like rare old wine, *in sips*. Its conceits, its interminable quotations, its wild and wondrous stories, its oddities of thought and expression, its occasional flashes of good sense, its knowledge of human weaknesses—all these characteristics which make it at once so delightful and yet so wearisome, adapt it eminently to the purpose we have now in view. Dr. Johnson said it was the only book which had ever caused him to leave his bed earlier than he had intended. We cannot regard it as attractive in this direction. In truth, it is the sort of book that one might lie in bed and dally with between one's toast and one's cocoa. It is not to be studied, but to be enjoyed.

One guest there is who should always find a place at Christmas by the reader's hearth—that most delightfully humane and sympathetic of all heroes of chivalry, Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha. As a creation of the human brain he must rank with Hamlet—with whom, be it said, he has more than one point in common. In spite of his romantic extravagances, his overheated sensibilities, he commands our respect and engages our interest almost from the outset; while, as his wise and tender and chivalrous character develops under his creator's hands, we learn to love him (as evidently his creator did), and by his death-bed stand, unable to check our tears, feeling that with him the purest and highest traditions of the old knighthood will expire. Some of those traditions had previously found expression in Sidney's "Arcadia," the prose-poem of a man whose life has been described as poetry put into action—another Christmas book of the most admirable quality. With no small amount of tediousness, it contains much that is genuinely beautiful; passages of a true and noble eloquence; pure and devoted ideas, which could flow only from a mind stirred by lofty and spiritual impulses. That it is not so good and great as its author was, seemed clear enough, however, to his friend, Fulke Greville. "All confess," he says, "that 'Arcadia' of his to be, in form and matter, as inferior to that unbounded spirit as other men's wishes are raised above the writer's capacities. But the truth

is, his soul was not writing while he wrote, but both his wit and understanding leant upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words and opinion, but in life and action, good and great." The "Arcadia," therefore, must be accepted as a book with a purpose; and it has both the merits and defects of such books. I admit, too, that its plot, though complicated, is loosely put together, and that the action moves with exasperating slowness. But, after all, it is a delightful book; and profoundly interesting, if only from the faithfulness with which it reflects its author's noble personality. He has followed throughout the maxim which he has himself laid down:—"Look into thine own heart, and write." And thus it is that "the whole of Sidney's nature—his chivalry and his learning, his thirst for adventure, his freshness of tone, his tenderness and childlike simplicity of heart, his affectation and false sentiment, his keen sense of pleasure and delight—pours itself out in the pastoral medley—forced, tedious, and yet strangely beautiful—of his 'Arcadia.'"

The mediæval romances are excellent Christmas reading. You may begin with the old Portuguese story by Vasco De Lobeira, afterwards embellished and extended by French hands, the famous "Amadis de Gaul" (of the first edition of which Mr. Quaritch, of Piccadilly, will sell you a copy for £200), a gloriously wearisome recital of impossible knightly adventures; and you may end with the heroic romances of Calprenède, or with Mlle. De Scudéry's ten-volume prolixities, "Ibrahim; or, the Grand Bassa," "The Grand Cyrus," and "Clélie," which, though ridiculed by Boileau, and now almost forgotten, seem to me deserving of a better fate, if only by right of their elevation and purity, and the high ideal of love, generosity, and courage which she imagines for her characters. The "Argenis" of John Barclay may also be recommended for matter and manner, and as one of the earliest of political fictions. Nor can the chivalrous record of Froissart, with its wonderfully vivid pictures of love, war, and adventure, fail to be welcome. For myself, I have a weakness for the exquisitely credulous pages of the "Acta Sanctorum" (a copy of which, in sixty-three huge folios, Mr. Downing, of Birmingham, offers you for £180). I grant you its absurdities; I admit the puerile exaggerations which must try the faith (and the taste) of many a devout reader; but, on the other hand, if you persevere, you come upon legends of singular beauty—upon charming stories of self-sacrifice, devotion, heroism, and endurance, which one is all the better for having read about. It is good to know to what heights this much-maligned humanity of ours can, under the inspiration of an adequate motive, plume its fluttering wings; and there is more, much more, in the "Acta Sanctorum" than the cynic in his philosophy has ever dreamed of.

But if you want fiction (and history) of a more mundane sort—if you want a Christmas guest who will illuminate your library with the light of his genial wisdom—turn to Sir Walter Scott. Manliest and humanest of story-tellers, as he was one of the manliest and humanest of men, he stands, to my thinking, on a mountain-top which no other writer of fiction has ever reached. He has enriched the world with more original creations than any poet (using the word in its larger sense) but Shakspeare; and for wholesomeness, for breezy freshness, for an almost virginal purity, his books remain unsurpassed. Their sweetness ensures their immortality; they are sound to the core, like the heart of the man who made them. Exception is sometimes taken to his heroes as wanting in pith and grip; but, after all, they are *gentlemen*, and I would not part with one of them for all the moody, hysterical, impassioned, or muscular gallants who strain and wrestle and indulge in all kinds of moral and mental contortions in the novels of our latter-day fictionists. As for his heroines—those high-souled, tender-hearted, pure-minded maidens, whom he has drawn with so fond and gentle, yet so fine, a hand—it is a liberal education to study their fair natures. Think of the womanly tenderness which he combined with his masculine courage, of his natural and yet profound pathos, his ample humour, his shrewd observation of men and things, his unaffected truthfulness and generosity, his deep sense of an overruling Providence, his chivalrousness of sentiment, his breadth of sympathy, and tell me if the world will yield you a worthier, a pleasanter companion for your Christmas fireside than "the author of 'Waverley'." For my part, if I were a Scotchman, I should write the name of my country, in gratitude to his rare and gentle genius; *Scott-land!*

But the fire dwindles down. The Yule-log has crumbled into grey ashes, and the shadows chase one another along the darkening wall. The voices of the carol-singers have long since sunk into silence, and a consciousness is borne in upon us that it is time to seek repose. Before we go, however, let us give a thought to the Christmas season, to all it brings and all it means; to those sweet old associations and tender memories which endear it to the heart of every Christian. It is well, I think, to wind up our reading to-night with one of those glorious Psalms, which have been an inspiration to the struggling soul, and a solace and a sympathy to the believer, through so many generations. Then we may repeat Tennyson's noble Christmas-music—breathing so grand a hope in the future of that Humanity which the Godhead deigned to assume on that most memorable of mornings, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven years ago, when the angelic strain pealed through the hushed air with its happy burden—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." And finally, before we put out the lights, we read that fine discourse of Canon Liddon's, in the "Lessons of the Holy Manger," dwelling more particularly on its eloquent peroration, which we may take as applicable not only to Christmas Day, but to the Christmas-tide:—"This is a day on which even the unthinking, and the indifferent, and the prayerless feel an unwonted glow, they know not whence or why, which steals over their being with the power and mysteriousness of a higher world. To-day there is union between Truth and Mercy as they meet in our Incarnate Lord. To-day there is union between the purest of earthly affections and the highest sympathies of the inhabitants of heaven. To-day a common chord is touched, *here* by the family greeting, *there* by the songs around the Throne. Those who are separated by differences of race, by differences of class, by differences of public opinion; those who stand on opposite sides of a chasm which forbids, alas! the visible intercommunion with each other of the several branches of the Church of Jesus Christ, meet to-day around His manger to receive His message of peace among men, and to rise above earthly troubles and earthly separations, while engaged in a common effort of praise and adoration. Even those to whom the Christ of Christendom is but a dim tradition of the past, vanishing, as it would seem, before the material progress of the present, to-day feel something in common with Christians, who, indeed, know and love the Lord that bought them."

W. H. D.-A.

The death is announced of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn. The deceased clergyman had recently been staying with the Bishop of Argyll in Scotland, and it appears that he lost his way in the hills at night, and, after a long search, was found dead in the snow.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 28, 1886) of the Right Hon. Sophia, Countess of Leven and Melville, who died, at Roehampton House, on June 28 last, was proved on Dec. 12 by the Hon. Ronald Ruthven Leslie Melville and the Hon. Norman Leslie Melville, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1886), with a codicil (dated Nov. 18, 1886), of Mr. Harold Lees, late of Pickhill Hall, Denbigh, who died on Oct. 21 last, was proved on Dec. 10 by Thomas Park, Edward Nassau Marcus Senior, and Alfred Stowell Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £198,000.

The will and two codicils of the late Alderman Sir William M'Arthur, K.C.M.G., formerly M.P. for Lambeth, have been proved, the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £120,937.

The will of Mr. Frederick Charles (better known as Charles) Hengler, of Cambridge House, Fitzjohn's-avenue, Hampstead, circus proprietor, has been proved, the personalty being valued at £59,665.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1883), with six codicils, of Mr. James Teevan, late of No. 18, Chesham-place, S.W., who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 9, by George Basil Eyston, Henry Stourton, Richard Barry O'Brien, and Philip Withan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000.

The will (dated June 1, 1885), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1886), of the Rev. Edwin Edwards, late of Wickham Skeith, Suffolk, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 2 by William Bradley Grimwood, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000.

The will (dated March 11, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 10, 1887), of Miss Annie Helen Erskine, formerly of No. 9, Granville-place, Portman-square, but late of Dairsie, Knyveton-road, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 10 by Miss Julia Erskine, the sister, and Thomas Edward Erskine, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1887) of Mr. John Brown, formerly of The Grove, Blackheath, but late of Bellevue, Marazion, Cornwall, who died on Oct. 12 last, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £19,000.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1872) of Mr. Henry Francillon Hooke, formerly of No. 53, Bernard-street, Russell-square, but late of No. 19, Upper Park-road, Haverstock-hill, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Mary Grace Hooke, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000.

CHRISTMAS ON BOARD A TRAINING-SHIP.

Among the various industrial training institutions for English boys of the class needing public assistance to provide for their education and to fit them for manly service to their country, the school-ships in which they learn to be sailors, whether destined immediately for the Royal Navy, or for the Mercantile Marine, with a future opportunity of being enrolled in the Royal Naval Reserve, are not the least interesting. In the Thames, in the Mersey, in the Clyde, and in the waters of other great commercial ports, as well as at Portsmouth and other naval stations, these vessels are placed under the care of experienced officers and trustworthy instructors, who combine the discipline of a ship with that of a school; and the boys, more easily kept together and subjected to common rules than in most boarding-schools on shore, acquire an *esprit de corps*, and a habit of cheerful and willing obedience, which are the most essential conditions of preparing them for the duties of active life. Those of the Warspite, for example, whenever they are brought up to London, as is sometimes done, to form part of a State procession, or of such a parade as was exhibited at the Queen's Jubilee, present a delightful appearance of healthy, vigorous, and promising youth, who bid fair to maintain the high character of the British sailor all over the world, and popular sentiment is often stirred by their presence to lively demonstrations of encouragement, which the lads will remember when they go to sea and must "brave the battle and the breeze." In the meantime, it is pleasant at Christmas to know that they enjoy, like most boys in happy homes, their due share of the festive treats and harmless fun of the season; and our illustration of their feast on Christmas Day, with the English plum-pudding in all its glory served up at their table, is accompanied with the assurance that they have a hearty appetite for "plum-duff" of that superlative quality, and that no stint of its quantity need be prescribed for robust young stomachs like theirs, rejoicing in a boyhood reared under the most wholesome regulations on board a training-ship.

Mr. A. M. Peebles, of Salters' Hall-court, has been elected City Architect, in succession to the late Sir Horace Jones.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the Earl of Galloway being created Knight of the Thistle, in place of the late Earl of Dalhousie.

The medals presented to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his opening the Apprentices' Exhibition at the People's Palace, Mile-End, were manufactured by Mr. J. A. Restall, of St. Martin's-place, Broad-street, Birmingham; the neat case in which they were inclosed being the work of London apprentices.

The Duke of Norfolk was received by the Pope with great ceremony on Dec. 24, and communicated to his Holiness the congratulations of Queen Victoria upon the attainment of his Jubilee. The reply of his Holiness was markedly cordial and gracious. He referred to the true liberty enjoyed by Catholicism under the Queen's sceptre in all parts of the world, and wished her a long and prosperous reign.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas holidays, as usual; and in this arrangement will be included the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets between London and the seaside places on the south coast and Isle of Wight. On Dec. 22, 23, 24, and 26, extra fast trains leave Victoria and London-Bridge stations for the Isle of Wight; and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, and other places. On Boxing Day, special cheap excursion-trains will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day, extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square—remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London-Bridge and Victoria stations.

To our Readers.

THIS exquisite illustration, which is perhaps the most artistic study yet produced in the form of an advertisement, depicts

Health Crowning Beauty.

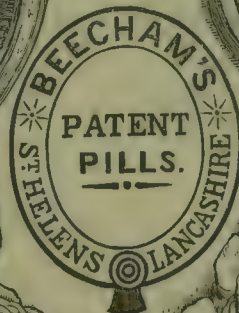
HEALTH, ever ready to admire, is disclosing the all important secret that to retain her charms, and enjoy the blessings of their possession, BEAUTY must avail herself of those provisions which science has discovered to repel or cure disorders, the *premier* of which is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

*A Wonderful Medicine,
and justly worthy of its
Enormous Popularity.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

TRADE MARK



WITHOUT
A
RIVAL

THROUGHOUT
THE
WORLD.

F.S. & M. WALKER DEL.

THE LEADENHALL

PRESS, SCULP.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



1. Work by members and students of the Polytechnic.
2. Cabinet work. 3. Upholstery.

4. Part of Exhibition, showing apprentices at work.
5. Models of boats by ship-builders' apprentices.

6. Combined work of members of People's Palace schools.
7, 8, and 9. Coopers', bookbinders', and hatters' apprentices at work.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE BURROWS, BART., M.D.



MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P. FOR DULWICH.

MR. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.

The election for the Dulwich division of Camberwell resulted in the return of Mr. Blundell Maple, the Conservative candidate, by 4021 votes polled for him against 2609 for the Gladstonian Liberal candidate, Mr. Henderson. The newly-elected member, Mr. John Blundell Maple, of Childwickbury, near St. Albans, Herts, is the eldest son of Mr. John Maple, of Haverstock-hill, Hampstead, and of Tottenham-court-road, by his marriage with Emily, daughter of Mr. Richard Blundell, of Horley, Surrey. He was born in 1845, and was educated at King's College, London. He married, in 1874, Emily Harriet, daughter of Mr. Moses Merryweather, of Clapham, Surrey. He is partner in the extensive business founded by his father, and he has lately become, by purchase, the owner of Childwickbury. He now enters Parliament for the first time, having been an unsuccessful candidate for South St. Pancras, at the general election of 1885. Mr. Maple will be the thirty-eighth new member who will have taken his seat in St. Stephen's since the assembly of the present Parliament.

STATUE OF GENERAL EARLE.

On Friday, Dec. 16, Lord Wolseley performed the ceremony of unveiling a statue erected to the memory of the late Major-General Earle at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The statue, which is the work of Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., is a fine work of art, doing great credit to the sculptor. It depicts the General on foot in the act of leading his men to a charge. It stands in a splendid position outside the hall, at the south-east corner, overlooking Lime-street. It has been erected at the cost of a local public subscription. General Earle was born at Liverpool, and belonged to an old Liverpool family. It was but natural that the ceremony would attract a large gathering of Liverpool people, and a vast crowd filled the streets and spaces facing the hall; while detachments of Hussars and local Volunteers formed a body-guard, and helped to make a brilliant spectacle. Lord Wolseley was accompanied by the Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. T. W. Oakshott), General Brackenbury, Lord Charles Beresford, and many other distinguished guests. After short speeches by Mr. Alfred Turner (chairman of the memorial committee) and the Mayor, Lord Wolseley delivered an address; he paid a high tribute to the late General's bravery during the late Soudan war, in which he met his glorious yet unfortunate death. His Lordship then unveiled the statue amidst loud applause from the spectators. The party adjourned inside St. George's Hall to hear a recital upon the large organ. In the evening Lord Wolseley and party were the guests of the Mayor at the Townhall, at a grand banquet.

THE APPRENTICES' EXHIBITION.

The exhibition opened by the Prince of Wales on Saturday, Dec. 10, at the People's Palace, East London, will remain open till the end of the year, and, if successful, perhaps somewhat longer; the charge for admission being twopence, and on Saturday threepence. It contains about 1600 specimens of work, contributed by above 900 persons, all of them being apprentices between fifteen and twenty-one years of age. The exhibition is arranged in two long galleries, one specially constructed for

its accommodation. Along the side of the first gallery are ranged booths, in which apprentices are seen at work at their various trades; and the lads are dressed in the costume of the "prentice" of the sixteenth century. The trades include the making of thermometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments; carpentry and joinery, the construction of electric appliances, working in silver, hat-making, book-binding and printing. At the printing stall the catalogue of the exhibition is set up, as well as the programmes and other handbills; here is to be seen an old wooden "two-pull"

printing press, the first ever set up in Bungay, Suffolk. The end of this gallery is occupied by a tastefully-arranged drawing-room interior, of which all the furniture and upholstery is the work of members of the technical class, assisted by a few outside apprentices, the design having been furnished by Mr. Thomas Jacob, instructor to the cabinet-makers' class. In the centre space of both galleries of the exhibition the machinery, model and full-size, is to be seen in motion.

The Polytechnic Institution sends a good deal of apprentice work, of which the carving in wood, the metal-plate work (the latter by a youth of nineteen), and the plaster casts are specially noticeable. The walls of the exhibition are decorated with drawings and paintings, architectural plans, and freehand studies; there is one sketch in colour representing the front view of the palace as it is to be, with green lawns, gravel walks, and fountains. In the class devoted to mathematical, surgical, and scientific instruments, requiring great nicety of construction, many of the contributors are only seventeen and eighteen years of age. The jars in the pottery section contributed by apprentices of Messrs. Doulton are remarkable for beauty of form. A lad of sixteen, who has been only two years at his trade, sends some admirable specimens of heraldic engraving. We must remark the excellence of finish in the cabinet-makers' work, and the work contributed by the School of Art Wood-Carving and the specimens of binding and lettering of books. There are samples of silversmiths' works, hair-dressing, upholstery, lithographing, tailoring, hat-making, boot and shoe making, saddlery, basket work, coopering, plumbing, tin-plate working, dressmaking, millinery, and almost every other trade. The exhibition shows what the English workman can do, if properly trained, and what a wide field of choice there is before a lad seeking an occupation.

Mr. D. Harvest presided at the annual dinner in aid of the Commercial Travellers' Schools for Orphans and Necessitous Children at Pinner, held at the Hôtel Métropole on Dec. 15. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £8072; the chairman contributing 100 guineas, and Mr. James Hughes presenting £1000. The chairman's list amounted to £6300.



STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL EARLE AT LIVERPOOL, UNVEILED DEC. 16.

FASHION NOTE

FROM

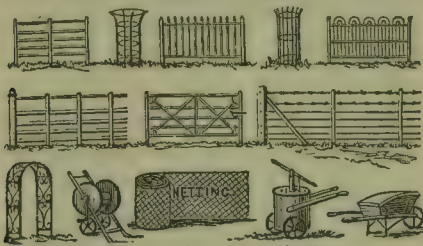
"COURT JOURNAL."

"The introduction of

PRIESTLEY'S

Dress Fabrics into the home market certainly marks a new era in the manufacture of British dress goods; they are the PERFECTION of Dress Fabrics."

To be obtained from all Drapers.



Catalogues free on application.

BAYLISS, JONES, & BAYLISS,
WOLVERHAMPTON.
London Office & Show-Rooms: 139 & 141, CANNON-ST., E.C.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Address in full. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H.G. ROOT, 5, Plum-tree-court, Farringdon-street, London.

Beetham's

Glycerine

Cucumber

The most perfect Emollient Milk for
PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN
ever produced!

It keeps the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE during the
COLDEST WEATHER. Entirely removes and prevents all
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c.

And preserves THE SKIN from the effects of
FROSTS, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER
More effectively than any other preparation. If applied after
Dancing or visiting Heated Apartments it will be found
delightfully Cooling and Refreshing.

Beware of Injurious Imitations. "Beetham's" is the only genuine.
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists. Free for
31. extra, by the Sole Makers,
M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and
rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary,
&c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to
eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is
the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he
prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones, the
system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

THE GREAT REMEDY for
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in
a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

SURE, SAFE, AND EFFECTUAL.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box.



SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

In Tins at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT"
KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout
the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them
bargely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy
in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate
can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 13½d. Tins.

NUBIAN

LIQUID WATERPROOF

BLACKING

No brushes required! Applied with sponge
attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish,
equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Har-
ness and Leather articles, which lasts a week
in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and
polish remains. Sold everywhere.

F. PINET'S

BOOTS and SHOES for LADIES, GENTLEMEN, and CHILDREN,
CELEBRATED FOR ELEGANCE, COMFORT, AND PERFECT FITTING.
EACH BOOT BEARS ON THE SOLE THE FOLLOWING TRADE MARK:



Also Name,
with Size and Fitting,
on lining.

F. PINET'S

Boots and Shoes are sold in all the Principal
Cities of the World. Where not found they may be
obtained direct from the Factory,

44, RUE DE PARADIS, PARIS.

PRICE-LIST ON APPLICATION.

BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS.

CHAPMAN & CO.'S

NEW SILK AND WOOLLEN
DRESSES at Half Price.

Extraordinary Reductions in

WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

CATALOGUES
(20 pages)

AND PATTERNS

POST-FREE.

ALL PERFECT GOODS.

NOTTING-HILL, LONDON, W.;

And INDUSTRY MILLS, BRADFORD.

N.B.—CARRIAGE will be PAID on ORDERS of £2 in value and upwards.

BY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

Spearman's

No other article woven
equals this in general
utility.PURE WOOL
ONLY!

DEVON

According to the
"Queen," "It
has no rival."NEW SEASON'S
PATTERNS.

SERGES

For Ladies' wear, beautiful qualities, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. the yard;
for Children's wear, capably strong, 1s. 3d. to 2s. the yard; for
Gentlemen's wear, double width, 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. the yard. The
Navy Blues and the Blacks are fast dyes. On receipt of in-
structions, samples will be sent Post-Free. N.B. Any length
cut and Carriage paid to principal Railway Stations.

Only Address: **SPEARMAN and SPEARMAN, Plymouth.**
NO AGENTS.



ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S
CAMBRIC POCKET
HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price-Lists, post-free.
Children's .. 1/2 | Hemstitched
Ladies' .. 2/4 | Ladies' .. 2/11 | Per Doz.
Gents' .. 3/6 | Gents' .. 4/11 | Per Doz.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

DRESS SHIRTS, unequalled for quality
and accuracy of fit.
POPE and PLANTE, Hosiery and Glovers,
4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.

This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory.
It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—is made in a minute.

Allen & Hanburys'

Infants Food

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Young Children, supplying all that is required for the
formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food, which needs
only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

Medical Testimony and full directions accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

MAPPIN & WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,
Supply the Public at Warehouse Prices.FULL SIZE ANTIQUE FLUTED TEA AND
COFFEE SERVICE.

Sterling Silver, £25 5s.; Best Electro, £9 10s.

WEDDING PRESENTS, TESTIMONIAL PLATE,
BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

OXFORD-STREET, W.;

AND POULTRY, E.C., LONDON.

MANUFACTORIES:

35, King-street, Covent-garden; and Norfolk-st., Sheffield.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT
IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to
CULLETON'S Heraldic Office, Printing in heraldic colours,
7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries.
The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on
seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and
modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of
STATIONERY—a Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes,
stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving
steel dies. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD
PLATE and fifty best Cards, Print—4, 2s. 6d. post-free, by
T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of
St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

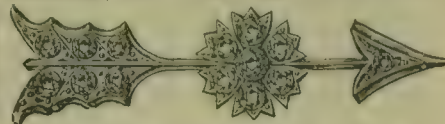
ABYSSINIAN GOLD

IMITATION DIAMOND

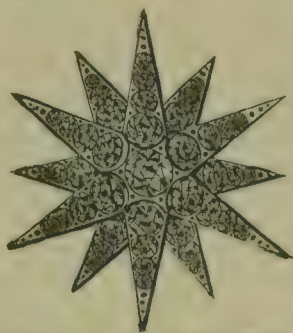
JEWELLERY.

THE ONLY IMITATION ON EQUAL IN
APPEARANCE TO REAL.

Introduced, 1866. Prize Medal Awarded, 1870.



ELEGANT ARROW BROOCH,
Very Brilliant, Mounted in Silver, 30s.



IMITATION DIAMOND STARS.

In three sizes. This size, 63s.; size smaller, 50s.

New Illustrated Catalogue forwarded, post-free, on
application to Sole Manufacturers,

THE ABYSSINIAN GOLD JEWELLERY CO., LD.,
153, CHEAPSIDE. 153A, CHEAPSIDE.
79, REGENT-STREET. CRYSTAL PALACE.

HEAD OFFICES:
4 and 5, UNION BANK BUILDINGS, ELY-PLACE,
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

Violet of PARIS

SPECIALITIES IN PERFUMERY
VIOLETTES, SAN REMO (POWDER)
MUGUET DES BOIS (PERFUME)
ROYAL THIRIDAGE SOAP, VELOURINE SOAP.

To be obtained from all high-class Perfumers, Chemists, etc.
WHOLESALE ONLY: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

STOUT PERSONS

Can obtain advice free how to reduce Weight and cure
Obesity by the only sure method: strict diet and nauseous
drugs unnecessary. New Treatise, with full instructions
How to Act, sent in sealed envelope for 6 stamps.
E. K. LINTON, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury, London.



Now Ready. Tenth Edition.

CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dys-
pepsia and Indigestion; Special
Advice as to Diet and Regimen;
Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for
Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air,
and Ventilation; Particulars of
numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent
for one stamp.

Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn
Viaduct, London, E.C.

CONSUMPTION!

I have a positive remedy for the above disease: by its
use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long
standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith
in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE,
together with an ENTIRELY NEW AND VALUABLE
TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give
Address in full. Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 5, Plum-tree-court,
Farringdon-street, London.

Allen & Hanburys'

A Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/.



LAIRITZ'S PINE WOOL
FLANNELS,
UNDERCLOTHING,
DESCRIPTIONS AND
PREPARATIONS.

LAIRITZ'S PINE WOOL OIL, SOAPS, WADDING,
BATH EXTRACT, &c.
To be obtained of all Hosiery, Drapers, and Chemists.
Chief Depot (Wholesale),
WELCH, MARGETSON, & CO., 18, Cheapside, London.
CAUTION:—None Genuine unless Stamped with Trade-
Mark (Pine-Tree) and Signature.

NEW MUSIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW MUSIC.

SIX NEW SONGS BY THE MOST POPULAR COMPOSERS.

EVER	Arthur Sullivan.
SHALL WE FORGET?	Paolo Tosti.
I SAID TO MY LOVE	Alfred Celler.
SWEET TIME OF MAY	De Lara.
DESK	Rockel.
ACROSS THE STREAM	Rockel.

POPULAR SONGS.

F. PAOLO TOSTI.	s. d.
DREAMS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT, in F. A. flat, B flat	4 0
LOVE TIES, in C. E. flat, and F. (Words by H. B. Farnie)	4 0
IT CAME WITH THE MERRY MAY LOVE	4 0
"Ever melodiou, graceful, full of distinguish- ing harmonious effect, ably easy to sing and to accom- pany. Signor Tosti has that great talent of Italians, to write for the voice."—World.	
BID ME GOOD-BYE, in F. G. and A. (Words by F. E. Weatherly), Fortieth Edition	4 0
"A tuneful ditty in valse rhythm, and certain to acquire vast popularity."—Times.	

CH. GOUNOD.

HARK! MY SOUL, IT IS THE LORD, in C, D, E	4 0
PEACE, PERFECT PEACE, in B flat, C, D, with ad- ditional chor.	1 0

ISIDORE DE LARA.

GARDEN OF SLEEP, in A flat, B flat. Sung by Miss Dalton, and many other popular artists.	
TWAS EVE AND MAY (Words by Lord Lytton). Sung by Miss Duman	4 0
ALL MY ALL! (Words by May Probyn)	4 0
MINE TO-DAY, in E flat, F, and A flat.	4 0
MARION (Words by Whyte Melville), in C and E flat. Sung by Harrington Foote	4 0

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

RHODA WALTZ	P. Bucalossi.
KNAVE OF CLUBS POLKA	Do.
PLEASURE WALTZ	Ed. Silva.
MERLIN WALTZ	Dan Godfrey, junr.
VER LUISANT VALSE	J. H. Wolton.
MONTE CARLO POLKA	Do.

POPULAR DANCE MUSIC.

P. BUCALOSS.	s. d.
STARLIGHT NIGHT	4 0
NIGHT AND MORN VALSE	4 0
COLONIAL POLKA	4 0
P. AND O. POLKA	4 0
MY PET VALSE	4 0
TABBY POLKA	4 0

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN.

MIRAGE WALTZ	Solo and Duet	4 0
SHORT AND SWEET POLKA	Solo or Duet	4 0
FAHWOHL WALTZ	Solo or Duet	4 0
BLACK AND TAN POLKA	Solo or Duet	4 0

HENRY DE CAMORS.

BID ME GOOD-BYE VALSE	4 0
-----------------------	-----

DOROTHY.

NEW COMEDY OPERA.	
Written by B. C. Stephenson, and composed by ALFRED CHILLER.	s. d.
Vocal Score	5 0
Piano-forte Score	3 0
Valse, Quadrille, Lancers, and Polka	each 4 0

GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S OPERAS.

RUDDIGORE	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0
THE MIKADO	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0
PRINCESS IDA	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0
IOLANTHE	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0
PATIENCE	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0
PIRATES OF PENZANCE	Vocal Score	5 0
Ditto	Piano-forte	3 0

Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Lancers from all the above Popular Operas, 4s. each.

PEPITA.

NEW COMIC OPERA.	
Written by Mostyn Tedde; composed by CH. LECOCQ.	
Vocal Score	5 0
Piano-forte Solo	3 0
Valse, Quadrille, and Lancers	each 4 0

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1887, of

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 131,
containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

BID ME GOOD-BYE WALTZ.

HENRY W. DE CAMORS.

QUEEN OF MY HEART WALTZ.

P. BUCALOSS.

COLONIAL POLKA.

P. BUCALOSS.

PEPITA LANCERS.

P. BUCALOSS.

NIGHT AND MORN VOCAL WALTZ.

P. BUCALOSS.

LALLA ROOKH QUADRILLE.

DAN GODFREY.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA.

J. MEREDITH BALL.

THE NEW CLUB QUADRILLE.

KAROL KIESOWSKI.

AURORA SCHOTTISCHE.

P. BUCALOSS.

Price 1s. Violin part to above, 6d.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S EOLIAN

PIANO-FORTE (Patented).—A combination of Piano and Organ with but one keyboard. The sonority of the Piano is greatly increased by the tone of the Organ, developing a sustained and variety of sound hitherto unattainable. It can be played as a Piano-forte alone, as an Organ alone, or the two in combination. A tremolando can be produced on a single note or during the whole piece. It has also a swell pedal, and a stop for sustaining pedal notes. Suitable for the most perfect accompaniment to vocal and dance music. Description and Testimonials post-free. From 33 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE AND PURCHASE.

PIANOS, from 2 guineas per Quarter.

COTTAGE PIANO-FORTES, from £2 10s. per Quarter.

IRON OBLIQUE PIANO-FORTES, from £3 5s. per Quarter.

GRAND PIANO-FORTES, from £7 10s. per Quarter.

A large number of PIANO-FORTES, by the best makers, returned from HIRE, to be SOLD at greatly REDUCED PRICES for cash, or on the One, Two or Three Years' System.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S AMERICAN

ORGANS.—A combination of Pipes and Reeds which do not go out of tune by the most severe changes of temperature. Easy of manipulation, and some in design and of great durability. From 6 to 25 guineas. With Two Rows of Keys and Pedals, from 70 to 250 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ALEXANDRE

HARMONIUMS, for Church, School, or Drawing-room, from 6 to 150 guineas; or, on the Three-Years' System, from £1 5s. per Quarter.

THE NEW OCTAVE COUPLER HARMONIUMS FROM TWELVE TO NINETY GUINEAS.

Lists post-free.

50, NEW BOND-STREET; 15, POULTRY, E.C.

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER and CO.'S LIST.

Now being performed at the Savoy Theatre,
H.M.S. PINAFORE. Nautical Comic Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Vocal Score, 2s. net; Piano-forte Score, 3s. net; Quadrille, Lancers, Waltz, Polka, and Galop, 2s. each net. List of the separate songs and arrangements sent post-free.

METZLER'S CHRISTMAS ALBUM.

containing the following popular Dance Music:—
FAIRIE VOICES (Waltz) A. G. Crowe.
OUR LITTLE LANCERS (Waltz) F. E. Weatherly.
LITTLE JACK FROST (Quadrille) F. E. Weatherly.
GOOSEY GANDER (Waltz) Stephenson.
And Five other Compositions.
Price One Shilling. Violin Part, complete, 6d.

AN ENGLISH LASS FOR ME. By F. L. MOIR.

New Baritone Song. Published this day. Price 2s. net.
The world is full of lovely girls.
But an English lass for me.—F. E. Weatherly.
In C (compass G to D). In D (compass A to E).
The Success of the Season.

MARY ANDERSON WALTZ. By ANDREW LEVY.

Illustrated with a beautiful Portrait of Miss Mary Anderson. Played every evening at the Lyceum Theatre. Price 2s. net.

PLEASE SING ME A SONG. New Book of Children's Songs.

Words by May Chater and Ellis Walton. Music by R. H. ADDISON. "Pretty words and tuneful music." (A charming Christmas Present.) Price 2s. 6d., post-free.

TOY SYMPHONIES. By Romberg.

HAYDN, and DESMOND RYAN. Piano and Toy Parts complete, 2s. 6d., net. Toys, 2 guineas per set.

METZLER'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

Manufactured by the celebrated Mason and Hamlin Organ and Piano Company.

Highest Awards, Gold Medals, 1000 Testimonials.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.

Popular Styles.

The Queen's Model. The 3-Manual Model. The Church Model. The School Model. The Chapel Model. The India Model. The Portable Model.

New Illustrated Catalogue sent gratis and post-free. METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, W.

W. MORLEY and CO.'S New Publications.

THIS DAY.

Of all Musicians in the world, 2s. net.

FETTERS OF GOLD. By T. Hutchinson.

"Fetters of Gold" new Song. Sung with brilliant success by Madame Osborne Williams. Miss Maria Fenna. Miss Jeanie Roscoe. Mr. Frederic King. Mr. Egbert Roberts.

Also by all the best singers. Always encored. The greatest success of the day.

D. E. flat (F to F) and P. 2s. net. With Piano, Violin, Flute, and Cello accompaniments.

SO MY GRANDFATHER SAID.

New Song by THEO. BONHEUR.

Ready this day.

"So my Grandfather said." F. C. to D. and G. 2s. net.

NEW VALSE.

ENCORE VALSE. By Theo. Bonheur.

ENCORE VALSE.

The most fashionable valse published.

The prettiest valse of the season.

ENCORE VALSE.

Post-free, 24 stamps.

W. MORLEY and CO.'S

New Electric-Light

PIANO SHOW-ROOMS.

Piano-fortes by all the Best Makers.

For Sale (Liberal Discount for Cash), Hire, or Exchange.

LONDON AGENTS FOR

BORD'S PIANETTES. Full compass,

trichord, check action, walnut, oak, or black, elegant in design, brilliant in tone, and of the finest workmanship, warranted. Price 25 guineas, net, cash £19 15s. 6d., packed free.

W. MORLEY and CO.

127, Regent-street, London, W. Lists free.

(3 doors north of St. James's Hall.)

KIRKMAN and SON,

3 and 9, SOHO-SQUARE, W.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

GOLD MEDAL, 1885. HIGHEST AWARD

for General Excellence of

GRAND and COTTAGE PIANOS.

KIRKMAN and SON'S PIANOS are

remarkable for their pure and brilliant tone, and are unsurpassed for power and durability.

ERARDS' PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of

18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail, Paris, Makers to Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, CAUTION The Public that Piano-fortes are being sold bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great Marlborough-st., where new Pianos can be obtained from 50s.

ERARDS' PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from

50 guineas.

OBLIQUES, from 85 guineas.

GRANDS, from 125 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS (ONLY),

27, Baker-street, London, W.

N.B.—No other address.

£15.—THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. have

succeeded in manufacturing a thoroughly reliable full-compass PIANO for £15. Drawings free. Packed free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£15.—OETZMANN'S £15 PIANO. 7 Octaves.

Iron plate. Thoroughly sound and strong. Warranted for twenty years. Packed free, and sent to any part.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£15.—Heads of Families and Principals of

Schools should see these Pianos, as no other house has ever offered so good a PIANO at so low a price. Cash only.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£15.—These Thoroughly Sound, Substantial

PIANOS can be obtained of all Piano-forte Dealers throughout the Kingdom, or packed free, direct from the Manufacturers, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W. No other address. Cash only.

PIANOS, £15; PIANOS, £25; PIANOS, £35.

An opportunity now offers to those who are able to pay cash, of purchasing really good Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other good makers at nominal prices. Lists free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£35.—BROADWOOD COTTAGE

PIANO-FORTE. Seven octaves. This instrument has all the most recent improvements, and is very cheap. Cash only. Packed free, and forwarded to any part. Illustrated Catalogue.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£45.—COLLARD and COLLARD. Full

size Rosewood Cottage PIANO-FORTE. Seven octaves, trichord, check action, and all Collard's recent improvements. Equal to new. Catalogues and Descriptive Lists free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£45.—ERARD (Great Marlborough-street,

London).—A very handsome walnut-wood oblique PIANO, by these makers, seven octaves, in splendid condition. Original price more than double. Cash only. Catalogues free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, London, W.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.

desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Piano-forte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is

27, Baker-street, Portman-square, London, W.

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S DANCE MUSIC.

LDYLLEN WALTZ, this year's success, is played at Theatres, Balls, Garden-Parties, "At Homes," Private Dances, &c., by every leading orchestra throughout the United Kingdom.

LDYLLEN VALSE. By Leonard Gautier. May now be had as a Solo, Duet, for Full Orchestra, Sextet, Military Band, Brass Band.

London: J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

INEZ WALTZ. Edwin H. Prout's latest

and greatest success.

INEZ (Spanish Valse). This most taking

and characteristic Valse is now ready for Full Orchestra and Sextet.

London: J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN'S POPULAR

WALTZES.

SAIONARA.

BITTER-SWEET.

MYOSOTIS.

MAX FRÜHLING'S DANCES.

LIEBE GESELLIN POLKA.

COQUETTERIEN POLKA.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH SCHOTTISCHE.

MARIE STUART SCHOTTISCHE.

ISOBEL WALTZ. By Enos Andrews.

New Waltz by the Composer of the well-known "Adelaide" and "Lafona" Waltzes, and the "Phyllis" Polka.

London: J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

LITTLE SHEPHERDESS. New Vocal

Waltz by CHARLES LASERRE.

London: J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W.

AGATE and CO.'S NEW MUSIC.

GETHESEMANE ("Thy Will Be Done").

Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Eleanor Rees. Words by Alois Volkmer. Music by ODOARDO BARRI. Keys A, C (C to F), and D.

"An excellent song."—Era.

"A really good composition."—Graphic.

MY SHADOW. CIRO PINSUTI'S latest

success. Words by D'Arcy Jaxone. Keys B flat and C (C to G).

"Will, through special qualities, be ranked amongst the most attractive songs."—Daily Telegraph.

DAVID GARRICK GAVOTTE. By

LEONARD GAUTIER. Illustrated with portraits of Mr. C. Wyndham and Miss Moore, in character.

"Quaint and pretty, and will be heard with pleasure."—Era.

ZINGARESCA. A Romany Dance. By

MICHAEL WATSON, for Piano solo or duet.

"Quaint and original."—Truth.

"A capital after-dinner drawing-room piece."—The Graphic.

SYMPATHY WALTZ. By EDWIN H. PROUT.

"Very bright and tuneful."—Court Journal.

Price 2s. each.

London: AGATE and Co., 300, Regent-street, W.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING

COMPANY'S SUCCESSES.

G. PERCY HADDOCK.

COME BACK WALTZ. Splendidly

illustrated. Dedicated by Permission to Sir Arthur Sullivan.

MINE ALONE WALTZ. Twenty-fifth

edition.

Unprecedented success; 30,000 copies sold in Four Months.

MINE ALONE WALTZ. By THEO

BONHEUR. Dedicated to and splendidly illustrated with a portrait of Miss Fortescue. This most charming waltz must become the success of the season, and the rage of London. Performed with overwhelming applause at Colonial Exhibition, Promenade Concerts, by the Band of the Scots Guards, &c., 2s. net. Band and Military



JUBILEE FESTIVAL CORN PALACE AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA, UNITED STATES.



NEW GRAVING DOCK AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.



THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.



SARAH'S BOSOM HARBOUR, AUCKLAND ISLANDS.



RUSSIAN MILITARY MOVEMENTS IN POLAND: COSSACKS ON THE MARCH SOUTH PASSING KUZNICA.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. DILNISKI.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.

If your Hair is turning Grey or White, or Falling Off, Use the

MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER,

For it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.

It promotes growth and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence, it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at **3s. 6d.** per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" in stock, and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of the United Kingdom.

PROPRIETORS: THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY (LIMITED),

33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.

FLORILINE,

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the best liquid Dentifrice in the world: it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed Teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving the teeth pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price **2s. 6d.** per Bottle. The **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** removes instantly all odours arising from the stomach or tobacco smoke: being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly harmless, and delicious as sherry. For Children or Adults whose Teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The **FLORILINE** should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities. No one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the tooth-brush with dislike, as is often the case, Children will on no account omit to use the **FLORILINE** regularly each morning, if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the tooth-brush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the Teeth. **FLORILINE** is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world at **2s. 6d.** per Bottle. "**FLORILINE**" POWDER, put up in large glass jars, price **1s.**

PROPRIETORS: THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY (LIMITED),

33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

THROAT DISEASES AND HOARSENESS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved so successful in America for the CURE of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, or any irritation or soreness of the THROAT, are now imported and sold in this country at **1s. 1½d.** per Box. Put up in the form of a Lozenge, it is the most convenient, pleasant, safe, and sure remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice in the world. Children will find them beneficial in cases of WHOOPING COUGH. No family should be without them. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. Hundreds of Testimonials from some of the most respectable sources may be seen at our office. The genuine have the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" on the Government stamp around each Box. Ask for **BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** and get no other.

OFFICE: 33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting Teeth? If so, go at once to the Chemist, and get a bottle of

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

It will give the little sufferer INSTANT RELIEF. It is perfectly harmless, and produces a NATURAL quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button."

It is very pleasant to take; it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes.

A single trial never yet failed to relieve the baby, and give rest to the parents.

IT IS SAID that one-fourth of the children born die under five years of age. As the teething period is the most critical time, every mother should be prepared to act as a nurse and a physician; and no mother should be without **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**, which is perfectly safe in all cases, and may be had of any Medicine Dealer in the kingdom at **1s. 1½d.** per Bottle.

THE SIOUX CITY CORN PALACE.

Extensive tracts of Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota are by soil and climate particularly adapted for the cultivation of corn. Sioux City, a name which was obscure enough a few years ago, has the good fortune to be situated in the centre of this corn belt, of which the estimated corn crop for the present year is 600,000,000 bushels. Sioux City is a notable example of a city which is the result of the introduction of steam and electricity into the wilderness. Before 1804 the region was unknown to the white man. In 1856 the population amounted to 150 souls, and the city was first mapped out, and named after the largest and most powerful tribe of Indians now extant. During the last six years the population has increased from 7500 to over 30,000, and the city is now the third greatest pork and beef packing entrepot in the Union, while five great trunk lines of railroad, with thirteen branches, combine to make it a railway centre of the first importance in the West.

North-western Iowa has escaped extremes of drought and rain, and, with few exceptions, has produced abundant crops for many consecutive years. These vast yields of corn and wheat, it is found, can be utilised more profitably as feed than as crude products. Farmers can readily become manufacturers, as it were, by transforming field crops into stock, the only difficulty heretofore having been the securing of markets—a difficulty now fully obviated in the case of Sioux City. The cost of sending sixty live hogs to Chicago from the Missouri River is the same as the cost of sending the manufactured product of 150 hogs that distance. This fact has induced packers to select the Missouri Valley as the site of their packing-houses, so that Omaha and Kansas City rank next to Chicago as meat-producing centres. Following this line of policy, several of the heaviest operators in Chicago have recently decided to make Sioux City a point of operation. Messrs. Fowler Brothers, Silberhorn, and Armour, three of the operators who have made Chicago the capital of the meat-supply of the world, have begun the construction of immense packing-houses in the city, and within six months five new establishments will be in active operation, which, jointly with those already on the grounds, will have a capacity of preparing for the market daily 1500 head of beef cattle and 15,000 hogs.

In grateful recognition of what the prodigious corn interests of this flourishing region have achieved for their city, by tempting some of the largest corn and beef packers in the country to settle among them, the people of Sioux City erected a magnificent Corn Palace—an allegorical temple of Ceres—holding a grand harvest Jubilee festival from Oct. 3 to Oct. 8. The palace, which consisted of a framework covered with corn and other agricultural products, measured 200 ft. by 100 ft., and 90 ft. to the top of the dome, the whole designed by a skilled architect, and tastefully arranged by experienced and zealous hands. It held exhibits of the products of the surrounding country, and there were various amusements—band carnivals, military drills, illuminations, concerts, and dances. In fact the event was made one of general rejoicing, and no pains were spared to entertain the crowds who came to visit the palace and city during the festival.

As an illustration of the growth and prospects of this promising city, it may be stated that the North-Western system of railroads is now engaged in constructing a bridge across the Missouri, from Sawyer's Bluff, in the eastern part of the city, to the opposite shore on the Nebraska side, at an expense of 1,500,000 dols. In dimensions this bridge is to be four spans of 400 ft., exclusive of approaches, and it will be a structure in which not only Sioux City, but the whole State, will feel a laudable pride. During 1887-8 2,500,000 dols. will have been expended here on the bridge, the packing-houses, and other permanent improvements.

THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS.

These remote and desolate islands are situated in latitude 51 deg. 30 min. south of the Equator and longitude 166 deg. 15 min. east of Greenwich, nearer to our antipodes than any other piece of land. They are distant from the southern extremity of New Zealand 180 miles, but are considered to belong to the Government of that colony. Some notice has recently been directed to Enderby Island, one of the group, on account of the many wrecks that have taken place in those stormy seas between the South Pacific and the Antarctic Ocean. In 1878, one of her Majesty's ships was sent there to search for any shipwrecked people who might have found refuge on the islands, and also to inspect and replenish the stores and provisions which had been placed there for the use of such unfortunate navigators. A naval correspondent, "T.E.C.," then made a few sketches. He informs us that his ship had a very rough passage from Dunedin, and reached "Sarah's Bosom," or Port Ross, the northern harbour in the Auckland Islands. This harbour is formed by several islands, of which Enderby is the northern part. They remained a week here, and made excursions to the adjacent islands, Enderby and another; but first they visited the cairn, near which they had anchored; and not far off they found a house, which at that time was occupied by a man and his wife. This poor couple had collected a number of seal-skins. They had been nine months without being visited, and had eaten most of the provisions placed on the island for shipwrecked people. They refused to come away; but on a later visit to the island, it was found that they had been removed by a schooner sent to fetch them, being hired by a gentleman living in New Zealand, who had some arrangement with the Government about the islands. Their house, of which our correspondent sends a sketch, was the only habitation on these lonely islands, which are some eight-and-twenty or thirty miles in length. The party also saw a hut, which had been built some years ago by a shipwrecked crew, some of whom had tried, after a long stay in the island, to get to New Zealand in an open boat; the people who remained were rescued. There was not a tree on Enderby Island, and only scrub and short grass, with tufts of wild flax. The birds were exceedingly tame on the other islands, where perhaps no man had ever been seen before. Having re-provisioned the store on the main island, and provided the two inhabitants with all things needful, and having thoroughly explored this part, the ship sailed for the southern harbour, called Carnley Harbour. It has an entrance between magnificent cliffs, over 1000 feet high, and about a mile apart. It was not till the ship had steamed five or six miles in that she could get soundings, and then it was in 20 fathoms; here she anchored in a perfectly land-locked harbour. They next day visited the cairn, which they found by a beacon on it, about a mile and a half from the ship. All the stores deposited in the cairn were spoilt: the blankets were in small pieces, the Cocker's pills were in congealed masses, the biscuit, sugar, tea, and coffee all spoilt. They repaired the cairn, and replenished it with stores and provisions; having finished their work, they started once more to Campbell Island, south-east of the Auckland Islands. Here, again, they replenished the stores, and left a notice in a bottle to record their visit; this had also been done at the other cairns. The ship then returned to New Zealand, having performed her mission. Many ships have been blown off the Auckland Islands when trying to visit them, and have had to make the best of their way back to New Zealand.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. ADAMSON.—Accept our best thanks for the information.
J. J. B. (Jersey).—Be so kind as to describe the problem on a diagram.
PUZZLED.—The problem can be solved by 1. P to B 4th; also, 1. B to B 6th.
C. W. B. (Blackheath).—It was obviously a misprint for B to R 4th. In the subsequent number you will find it referred to.
E. H. BAIRD.—The problem cannot be solved as you suggest. 1. Kt to K 5th is the defence.
E. PHILLIPS.—The magazine may be obtained from any foreign bookseller.
PROBLEMS AND GAMES received with thanks from N. Fedden, A. C. Wessenden, T. B. Rowland, C. Vertulia, H. P. P., and J. B. Fisher.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2277 received from Lieut.-Colonel Lorrain and J. Jupp; of No. 2278 from A. G. Bagot, C. Vertulia, H. P. P., T. G. (Ware), Fairholme, J. Sandes, W. H. Peake, C. M. (Usk), Henry C. King, Kelly (Lifton), W. Van Beverhoudt, J. M. G. Traynor, and J. A. Conroy.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2279 received from H. P. P., J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. A. P. E. Phillips, W. Hillier, A. C. Hunt, Jupiter Junior, R. Casella (Paris), A. Shirswood, Ernest Shirswood, Howard A. W. S. (Chelmsford), T. Coal, Ben-Nevis, W. L. Martin (Commander, R.N.), North-Bac, R. Worters (Canterbury), T. G. (Ware), Major Pritchard, Simplex, E. Loudon, John Hall, A. Bruin, R. F. N. Banks, A. C. W. (Dover), Peterhouse, W. R. Baillet, F. West (Royal Engineers), Fairholme, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, Andy, E. H. T. Roberts, J. Bryden, J. De Sarts (Liege), Thomas Chown, and J. Goudrey.

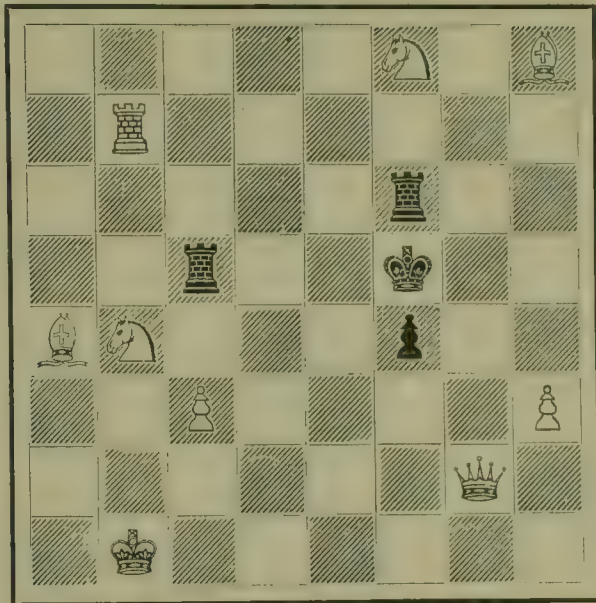
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2278.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to K 6th. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2281.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament, between Messrs. GUEST and MASON.
(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. P to K 5th	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	22. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. P to Q sq	P to B 3rd
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. P to B 4th	B to Q sq
6. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd	25. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd
7. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	26. R to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd
8. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th	27. K to R sq	Kt takes B
9. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	28. Q takes Kt	Q R to Q sq
10. Kt to K 2nd	B to B 4th	29. Q R to K B sq	Q to K 2nd
11. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	30. R to Kt 3rd	Q to B 4th
12. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	31. Q to B 3rd	
13. P to Q 4th	Castles		
14. Castles	Q to Q 2nd		
15. K to R 2nd			

If P to Q 5th, Black might have replied with B takes R P, obtaining an attack more than equivalent for the sacrifice of the piece.

15. B takes B	
16. Q takes B	P takes P
17. P takes P	Q R to K sq
18. Q R to K sq	

P to K 5th seems somewhat stronger; if P takes P, 19. B to Kt 4th, and if Kt to R 2nd, then 20. P takes P, weakening the Pawns on Queen's side.

18. B to R sq	
19. B to B 3rd	K R to K sq

and wins.

A brilliant finish to a fine game.

Game played in the tie-match, on Dec. 12, of the British Chess Club, between Messrs. BURN and GUNSBURG.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	27. R to K 2nd	Castles
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	28. B to K 4th	R to Q 2nd
3. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th	29. R to K Kt sq	P to Kt 4th
4. B to K 2nd	P to K 6th		
5. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
6. B to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd		
7. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 3rd		
8. Castles	P to K R 4th		
Somewhat bold in a match of consequence.			
9. P to B 4th	B takes Kt		
10. Kt takes B	Kt to Kt 5th		
11. Q to B 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
12. B to Q 3rd	Q to Kt sq		
Black has now some semblance of an attack; but it promises more than it performs.			
13. P to K R 3rd	Kt to R 7th		
14. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt (ch)		
15. K to R sq	Kt to Kt 5th		
16. P to K 4th	P takes P		
17. B takes P	B to Q 3rd		
A necessary retreat, to prevent the B being blocked.			
18. K to Kt sq	B to R 7th (ch)		
19. K to R sq	B to Q 3rd		
20. K to Kt sq	B to R 7th (ch)		
21. K to R sq	B to Q 3rd		
22. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
23. B to Kt 2nd			
The pressure on White's position is now over, and an arduous struggle for position commences.			
24. P to Q R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
25. Q R to K sq	R to Q sq		
26. P to K Kt 4th	P to R 5th		
	B to B 5th		

The tie-match between Messrs. Burn and Gunsberg was brought to a conclusion on Dec. 16. The conditions imposed were: the first winner of two games to be declared the victor. Both players have won a game each and three drawn. As, after five days' play, neither combatant has been able to score the requisite odd game, and being wearied by the protracted nature of the struggle, they have mutually agreed, with the consent of the committee, to abandon the match as a drawn battle. This arrangement must be regarded as satisfactory, for the mere winning of an odd game would not establish the supremacy of either player. Messrs. Burn and Gunsberg divide the first and second prizes equally between them. Mr. Blackburne taking the third.

The closing struggle in the City Chess Tournament has now commenced. In each of the ten sections into which the players are divided there is a little crowd who are almost afraid of each other in the van. In the leading section, Mr. Mocatta stands first, with a score of six out of seven games played; but he is closely pressed by Mr. Loman, Mr. Heppell, Mr. Polluck, Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Hoyle.

RUSSIAN MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The continued rumours, from Austria, of alarming Russian military preparations on the frontier of Galicia, and of supposed hostile intentions, caused a disastrous panic on the Bourse at Vienna. On Friday, Dec. 16, and the next day, the Austrian State Rentes fell eight per cent in price, and the loss of value in securities of various kinds amounted to two hundred million florins. The alarm was not so much felt at Berlin. The Austro-Hungarian Government is taking measures, however, to assemble a force of 200,000 troops in Galicia, and to provide for the equipment of the Landwehr and reserves. In the meantime, assurances come from St. Petersburg that there is no real ground for these periodical alarms about the concentration of Russia's troops on her western and south-western frontiers. The official military gazette, the *Invalid*, states that the 13th cavalry division, with its mounted batteries, was lately transferred from the Moscow military circuit to that of Warsaw. The reinforcement of troops on the Polish frontiers therefore consists in all of four cavalry regiments and two batteries. It would appear that these fresh troops were already in their new positions at the time of the Berlin meeting between the Czar and the Emperor of Germany. It should be observed, however, that the Russian troops in Poland are not stationed in large encampments or barracks, but are scattered among a multitude of villages, where their numbers cannot be reckoned. Moreover, police espionage is so strict in Poland that very few dwellers in that country can venture to inform Austrian or German newspapers of what is actually going on. General Gourko's agents would make very short work of any man who was caught going about from village to village with a notebook counting companies of soldiers. The *Wiener Tagblatt* publishes a letter from Warsaw, which states that all the villages between the Austrian frontier and Lublin are now crowded with soldiers, and that General Komaroff, of Central Asian fame, has been appointed commander of the forces in Poland. The Sketch by one of our correspondents and artists, taken at a town in Poland, represents Cossacks on the march to the south.

NEW GRAVING-DOCK, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

An undertaking of great importance to the shipping interest of New Zealand is now drawing near completion. The new graving-dock at Auckland takes its name from its position at Calliope Point, a small promontory lying midway between Depot Point, the site of the Admiralty stores and reserves, and the entrance to School Bay. It was so called after H.M.S. Calliope, which visited these parts in 1846 and 1848. It is situated on the northern shores of the waters of the Waitemata, forming the harbour of Auckland, and is directly opposite to the domain and the suburb of Parnell, which lie on the east side of the city.

For many years past the shipping frequenting the port has had the use of a smaller dock, called the Auckland Graving-Dock, situated near the wharves on the southern shore. It was built, like this one, by the Harbour Board in 1879, but has, within the last few years, not proved equal to the growing requirements of the port. The expediency of constructing a large dock has, therefore, been recognised. The engineering portion of the work was intrusted to Mr. William Errington, M.I.C.E., who had previously designed and overlooked the smaller dock. Plans were drawn out, and, after one or two small contracts for the examination of the site, a contract, which included the removal of part of the cliff, the excavation for and construction of the dock, with its sill, caisson-chamber, and entrance walls, was let to Mr. Pierce Lanigan, who had already executed several important works under the Government of the colony. This was towards the end of 1884, and in less than a year the excavation works were so far ahead as to admit of a start being made with the permanent portion of the structure. Since then the construction of the work has progressed so rapidly and steadily that nothing now remains to be done except the removal of the cofferdam, and the finishing of the outer end of the western wing wall.

The dock itself is 500 feet long and 40 feet wide on the floor, being 110 feet in width at the surface level. It is built almost entirely of rubble concrete. A timber slide, rudderwell, and several flights of steps are provided for convenience in repairing vessels. The sill, which at high water ordinary spring tides admits the passage of a vessel 80 feet wide, drawing 33 feet of water, is 16 feet broad, and is built of Melbourne basaltic stone backed with concrete. The caisson chamber and groove and the entrance walls are composed of rubble concrete, the latter being faced with stone from the local quarries. The caisson is constructed of wrought ironwork; it was designed and made by Head, Wrightson, and Co., of Stockton-on-Tees, and was put together in the dock by Messrs. Geo. Fraser and Sons, of Phoenix Foundry, Auckland. This firm also erected the main pumps, which are from the works of Messrs. Watt and Co., Soho Foundry, Birmingham; these, two in number, are of the plunger pattern, and are double acting, the diameter of the plunger being 4 ft. and the stroke, 5 ft. They are worked by separate single-cylinder surface-condensing engines, with air and circulating pumps. The cylinder, which is steam-jacketed, is 34 in. diameter, and the piston has a stroke of 4 ft. There is also a drainage-pump, driven by a small vertical engine, with 14-in. cylinder and 12-in. stroke, capable of lifting water from 54 ft. below the surface to a reservoir, not yet made, on the cliff 100 ft. above the dock, for fire-prevention purposes, &c. When finished, the dock will have cost about £120,000, the amount of the engineer's estimate; this will include the reclaiming of twelve to fifteen acres of land formed by the excavation.

Our Illustration is a View of the work when about half finished; it is taken from the summit of the cliff above the dock, looking in a south-easterly direction across the harbour, to the southern shore, with Hobson's Bay. The immediate foreground shows the completed portion at the head of the dock. About the middle, stretching across from side to side, is seen the bridge, with the winding gear for raising or lowering materials, driven by an engine and boiler in the sheds on the right-hand side. Beyond this, the work of construction is busily in hand, aided by the four steam travelling-cranes. Further on the excavation is proceeding. This View was taken by Mr. Bartlett, photographer, of Auckland; and is furnished by Mr. J. H. Swainson, A.M.I.C.E., who has had charge of the works, under the direction of the engineer.

The programme for the International Jubilee Exhibition, to be held next year at Vienna, has just been published. The exhibition will comprise pictures, works of sculpture, architectural plans and models, and the arts generally. Each artist may contribute three works; but in exceptional cases the committee may admit a greater number. Only such works will be received as bear date after 1882, and have not yet been exhibited at Vienna. Objects to the value of 100,000 fl. will be bought, partly for the Government, partly for a lottery. Persons intending to be exhibitors must give notice before Jan. 15, and exhibits must arrive there not later than Feb. 1.



Davidson Knowles

R. TAYLOR.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD WORLD.

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.



CHRISTMAS IN THE NEW WORLD.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

TRAVELS.

Shores and Alps of Alaska. By H. W. Seton Karr, F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The north-western part of the American continent, between the North Pacific Ocean, Behring Straits, and the Arctic Ocean, was transferred ten years ago by the Russian Empire to the Federal Government of the United States. This region, called Alaska, is 580,000 square miles in extent, consisting mainly of the extreme spurs of the Rocky Mountains, with thickly-wooded valleys, the great river Yukon traversing its middle from east to west, and several other rivers, deep sounds and gulfs on its western coast, and many neighbouring islands. Its native population, Indians and Eskimos, are about seventy thousand, and there are perhaps a thousand Russian and American settlers. The severe climate is unfavourable to agriculture, but the fur and seal trade is valuable; there are good salmon fisheries, and there is plenty of good timber, coal, sulphur, and some mineral products not yet worked. Mr. H. Seton Karr, in 1886, accompanied the *New York Times* expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Schwatka, with Professor Libby, Joseph Woods, and John Dalton, to this country, hitherto but imperfectly known. After visiting the port of Sitka, and Yakutat, under Mount St. Elias, they attempted the feat of ascending that mountain, which is the longest snow-climb in the world, except perhaps in Greenland or other Arctic regions, and which has the largest glaciers, covering altogether probably 18,000 square miles. It stands in the 61st degree of latitude, on the boundary line between British Columbia and South-east Alaska, which here runs a long way down the Pacific coast of the main North American continent. The summit, nearly 20,000 ft. high, proved inaccessible, the height reached by this party being only 7200 ft., but they saw much, and the mountain has never been so minutely described before. Mr. Seton Karr, as an experienced Alpine climber, may claim some distinction for his performance, which was unprecedented in this part of the world. They sailed on westward to Kaiak Island, near the mouth of the Copper river, and to Nuchuk and the islands of Prince William Sound, where they abode two months. The habits of the Indians, the character of the settlers, the seal-hunting and fishery, and the natural features of the coast and islands, are well delineated. A diary found at Nuchuk, written in 1885 by John Bremner, of the Allen expedition, the only white man who has ever lived among the Copper Indians, is printed in this volume, and is sufficiently interesting. Towards the end of October, a vessel arrived by which Mr. Seton Karr was enabled to leave the shores of Prince William Sound, and was conveyed to Kodiak, on which island, at St. Paul, is one of the chief stations of the Alaska Company; thence he returned to San Francisco. Though he did not explore the interior of the main country, he gathered much information; and his narrative will be read with pleasure. The volume contains geographical and statistical notes, good maps, and about a hundred illustrations, some of which are rather amusing.

Saddle and Moccasin. By Francis Francis, jun. (Chapman and Hall).—The late American Exhibition in London, with the wild figures and feats of the buffalo-hunters, "cow-boys," and Indians represented there, may give increased interest to some part of the contents of this lively book. Its first two chapters are devoted to the wonderful and beautiful region of aqueous volcanic phenomena, craters of hot water, boiling geysers, steam-jets, cascades, fountains, and deposits of silicious matter coloured with various exquisite tints by mineral admixture, in the famous Yellowstone Park, above the upper streams of the Missouri. Mr. Francis, who is a pleasant and humorous

writer, but a restless traveller in saddle, "buggy," or waggon, next transports his reader, in imagination, to the Sierra Nevada of California, where the quail-shooting is very good sport; then to Tucson and Magdalena, in Sonora; brings him northward again to look at the Pend d'Oreille Lake, in Idaho; but returns to sojourn a good while in New Mexico, as the guest of a brave and jovial cattle-lord in Animas Valley, with excursions over the frontier into Chihuahua, the adjacent province of the Mexican Republic. To add to the geographical miscellany, he has interpolated a very agreeable short paper on jack and trout-fishing in our own river Itchen, near Winchester, among his extensive North American rambles. But he is everywhere brisk, alert, and entertaining; and those who care to learn the characteristic habits and ideas of the energetic class of men engaged in pastoral enterprises on a grand scale in "the Wild West," the details of "ranch" management, the need of incessant watchfulness against the Apache Indians and certain white-skinned depredators, and the quaint aspects of decaying, old-fashioned Spanish institutions and manners in Northern Mexico, will be abundantly instructed. The mining district of Colorado is not included in these wandering descriptions. There is plenty of riding, a little shooting and fishing, and a great deal of anecdote, most of which has the peculiar rough flavour of the West, familiar to many of us from the writings of Bret Harte, with the racy slang language that is affected by American "cow-boys," to a pitch elsewhere unheard.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD WORLD.

The chronological scope of this vague expression, "the Old World," might extend as far back as the fourth century of the Christian era, when Pope Julius I. appointed the twenty-fifth of December to be celebrated as Christmas Day, adapting the time of this Catholic Church festival to coincide with the popular custom of the Romans, who had been wont, in heathen fashion, then to keep the great Feast of Saturn with evergreen decorations of the temples of that deposed Olympian deity. The holly-tree, with its bright red berries, had long been in vogue for similar sacred adornment in the usages of the German and Scandinavian nations; and the mistletoe, a branch of which furnished the arrow that killed the Northern Apollo, the fair god Balder, sped from the bow of the blind Höder, the ruler of darkness, at the instigation of satanic Loki, was converted into an emblem of love. For, when Balder the Beautiful was restored to life—manifestly a symbol of the return of sunshine after Winter—this piece of mistletoe was picked up and consigned to Freya, the goddess of love and marriage, who made it a pledge of the sweet pairing-time of early Spring. Hence the fond practice of suspending a sprig of this mystic plant overhead, among Christmas-keeping guests, where youths and maidens were apt to pass beneath, and he who chose to avail himself of the privilege might lawfully express his affection by the innocent homage of a kiss. This is certainly a tradition of "the Old World." But the old-fashioned dress of the handsome boy and girl in our Artist's drawing may be referred to the reign of Charles II., when the indoor costume of young persons in high life was sumptuous and elegant, made of rich purple or crimson velvet, perhaps, and yellow satin, for a boy's jacket and breeches, with large muslin sleeves, lace cuffs and collar, silk stockings, and rosettes in his shoes—an effeminate "rig-out," which no English boy would now endure, to say nothing of the long flowing hair. The girl is more plainly attired, for in those days, however immodest was the demeanour of grown-up ladies at Court, it was deemed proper that little damsels should be quiet, and

behave as children. Here they stand, however, in the "Old World" of Europe in the seventeenth century, with the mistletoe of their Pagan ancestors still put in requisition to warrant a harmless salute, by which the juvenile courtier means to compliment little Mistress Dorothy, in a way that is of prehistoric antiquity, belonging to all ages of mankind.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NEW WORLD.

The American Continent, soon after its discovery and settlement, was regarded by Spaniards and Portuguese, by Frenchmen and Englishmen, as "the New World," a suggestive and inviting appellation, which, during the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth century, fully represented the vast region of widening possibilities of lucrative adventure, and the growth of Transatlantic Empires. It has fallen into comparative disuse since the newer Australasian world, though with far smaller geographical limits of land, and with much less variety of climate and natural resources, was opened to colonial enterprise. To the English settlers in "New England" and in Canada, in past generations—and in Canada, we suppose, within the memory of some now living—the wilderness of the backwoods, haunted by Indian hunters, presented a scene of gloomy solitude for the hardy pioneer of civilisation. The winter snow and intense frost must have tried the endurance of many a lonely exile, far removed from the comforts of home, and scantily provided with the means of shelter, as he is delineated by our Artist, sitting disconsolate on Christmas Day, beneath the rude protection of a dug-out recess in the bank of earth, with a miserable narrow roof of boughs laid on posts and cut branches of trees overhead. Wrapped in his thick blanket, with his fur cap pulled over his ears, trying to warm his benumbed feet at a fire of sticks, he smokes the pipe of patience, while hearing in fancy the merry church-bells of his native village in the dear old country, and seeing in imagination the friends of his youth, assembled with kindly Christmas greetings, looking forward to the plentiful feast, the social talk, the jests and games and customary pleasures, the homely and neighbourly company, which he no longer shares. Then, hungry as he feels, about to turn out a remaining scrap of dried beef or salt pork, and a handful of musty flour to make his "damper" cake, he is relieved by the approach of his attendant Indian huntsman, well-clad in buckskin mantle and loose trousers with decorations wrought by the squaws, armed with a double-barrelled flint-gun and a broad dirk. The faithful huntsman brings a hare which he has caught and killed. Let the hare be cooked and eaten, though without currant-jelly, and it will be a tolerable Christmas dish.

Lord Wolseley presided on Dec. 12 at the opening of a new gymnasium and social room added to the Finsbury Polytechnic, Appold-street, Finsbury-square.

The Dutch Government has come to an agreement with the heirs of the late Sir Thomas Phillips, of Cheltenham, relative to the purchase by it of the Dutch manuscripts in his famous collection. Among them is the original manuscript of the most ancient Dutch historical document, the "Egmond Chronicle."

By the generosity of the Hon. T. Holt, late of Sydney, 1000 poor families of the East-End have been presented, through Dr. Barnardo, with a substantial dinner and a pair of blankets. The distribution took place at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, on Dec. 15, the gifts being presented under the superintendence of the Misses Holt, who, in conjunction with their father, take a great interest in the welfare of the poor.

PIESSE & LUBIN

LABORATORY OF FLOWERS

EXQUISITE NEW PERFUMES

CARINA
GALANGAM
EVERNIA

LOXOTIS
CARISSIMA!
ROXANA

BAPHIAS
FRANGIPANNI
LIGN-ALOE

In Various Sizes from One Ounce to One Gallon

SOLE DISTILLERS OF THE VERITABLE

OPOPONAX

MAY BE OBTAINED OF CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Illustrated Price-Lists sent Free on application

PIESSE & LUBIN

PERFUMERS

2 NEW BOND STREET LONDON



COOPER COOPER & CO.'S TEAS AS BELOW:

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Possessing strength and character.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Such value as is not offered by any other House in the Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Analysed and tasted by COOPER COOPER and CO.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—10lb. parcels, carriage free, in 1lb. and 1/2lb. packets, or any other size for distribution.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. claim to be the largest and most extensive distributors of Tea in this Kingdom.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell not only the finest Tea the world produces at 3s. a pound; but the best Tea the world can furnish at 1s. 4d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy their Tea for ready money, and sell for ready money.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy none of the old, spent, attenuated leaves, but only such as are stout and robust.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell strong and goodly Teas at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send these Teas to Clubs, Hotels, and Public Institutions.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell a Tea mighty in power at 2s. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell the finest Tea the world produces at 2s. 6d. and 3s. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell Ceylon Teas, Indian Teas, and China Teas in their integrity.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell Indian Garden Teas in original chests to those who desire special Garden Teas at a bare commission on Garden prices.

YULETIDE.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. pack their Teas in all quantities suitable for Christmas presents.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send half chests, containing fifty separate pounds of One-and-Four Tea, for £3 6s. 8d., carriage paid, to any railway station in Great Britain.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send chests of Tea, containing one hundred separate pounds of One-and-Four Tea, for £13s. 4d., carriage paid.

WELCOME PRESENTS for Distribution at Christmas.—None so welcome among the poor as COOPER COOPER and CO.'s Tea.

WELCOME PRESENTS for Distribution at Christmas.—COOPER COOPER and CO.'s Teas also in boxes, containing twelve pounds of Tea in separate pounds, to suit donors. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS to FRIENDS. The finest Tea the world produces at 3s. a pound, in boxes, half-chests, and chests. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS to NEIGHBOURS and ACQUAINTANCES.—The fine Tea at Two Shillings and Sixpence a pound, in boxes, half-chests, and chests. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—Happy greetings at Christmas to friends at a distance—a box of COOPER COOPER and CO.'s Tea.

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Postman knocks at the door. "Here, Missus, is a parcel for you."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Only look, mother! Postman has a cart full of parcels."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Whoever can have sent us this parcel?" Postman: "Squire is in Linton, and I hear he has sent a box to every one of his lands and a parcel to every poor woman in the parish."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Opening the unexpected package.

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Mother, it is Tea, and it is COOPER COOPER'S. It is, really!"

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Mother, there is a book about Tea which tells how to make Tea, and all about the water boiling."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Child, put the kettle on; I do so want my tea!"

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Pouring the Tea out. All: "Why, it just smells like Cowslips!"

GENUINE UNADULTERATED TEAS, all of this year's growth, analysed and carefully selected by COOPER COOPER and CO. from the robust productions of Ceylon, India, and China, either mixed each with other or to their integrity, as may be desired, at One Shilling and Fourpence a pound, mounting by steps, according to the fineness and delicacy of flavour, to 3s. a pound. Samples of any Tea will be sent, post-free, on application. Packages, containing 10lb. of Tea and upwards, will be delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain. Prices, containing from 1 to 10lb. of Tea, will be sent by Parcel Post, free, to any address in the United Kingdom, from Land's End to John o'Gaunt's House, for 3d. in addition to the cost of the Tea—and there is no such value to be had in this Kingdom for the money.

COOPER COOPER & CO.—Chief Office: No. 50, KING WILLIAM-ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.

Branches: No. 63, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN, E.C.; No. 268, REGENT-CIRCUS, W.; No. 33, STRAND, W.C.; No. 21, WESTBOURNE-GROVE, W.; No. 331, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., LONDON; and 20 and 21, EAST-STREET BRIGHTON.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

Watch & Chronometer Manufacturer, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

NO MORE WATCH-KEYS.

SIR JOHN BENNETT

Offers the remainder of his choice and valuable stock of KEY-WINDING WATCHES at 20 per cent discount.

£5.

The CHEAPSIDE 3/4-plate KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

with chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong silver case, with crystal glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust-tight. Free and safe per post, for £5, at

Sir JOHN BENNETT'S, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

£15.

In return for Post Office Order, free and safe per post, one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMEN'S GOLD KEYLESS LEVER WATCHES, with chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions; in all respects a thoroughly sound, useful watch.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.



£25.—The "SIR JOHN."

A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 1/2-plate HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly enamelled. Free and safe per post.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.

Clock and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 & 64, Cheapside, London.

CLOCKS.

THE FINEST STOCK IN LONDON.

DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, HALL, LIBRARY, OFFICE, and other CLOCKS

at prices lower than ever. Estimates given for Church, Turret, and other public clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT,

Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

EVERY KIND OF JEWELLERY.

LADIES' GOLD NECKLETS, GUARDS, and ALBERT CHAINS, from £2.

GOLD BROOCHES and EARRINGS, from £1.

GENTLEMEN'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, in all patterns and quantities, from £3.

GENTLEMEN'S DIAMOND and SIGNET RINGS.

GENTLEMEN'S LINKS, SOLITAIRE, STUDS, &c.

Gold Lockets Mounted with Precious Stones.

LADIES' GEM, KEEPER, and WEDDING RINGS

A large assortment from £1.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, 65 & 64, Cheapside.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, Watch, Clock, and Jewellery Manufacturer, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of DINING-ROOM FURNITURE. The largest assortment to choose from, as well as the best possible value. Three more houses have just been added to this important department. Half a century's reputation.

MAPLE and CO.'S NEW SPECIMEN DINING-ROOMS, decorated and fully appointed with furniture in pollard oak, brown oak, Chippendale mahogany, antique carved oak, American walnut, and other woods, are now open to the public, and should be seen by all intending purchasers.

THESE ROOMS are not only helpful as showing the effect of the furniture when arranged in an apartment, but also most suggestive as regards decorative treatment, as well as a guide to the entire cost of furnishing in any selected style.



THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR, In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO. devote special attention to the production of high-class DINING-ROOM FURNITURE that will afford permanent satisfaction in wear. The numerous recommendations with which Messrs. Maple and Co. have been favoured by customers who have used the furniture for years is a pleasing testimony to the excellence of the articles.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather, dining table with patent screw, also Early English sideboard with plate glass back; and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy chairs in leather, telescope dining table, sideboard with plate glass back and cellaret, and dinner wagon, in light or dark oak, walnut or ash; very substantial in character; 23 guineas.

FURNITURE FOR EXPORTATION.

VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are INVITED to INSPECT the largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers—very essential when goods are for exportation so as to insure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the Finest Qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

MAPLE and CO. have also a great number of really fine Indian Carpets, measuring about 12 ft. by 9 ft., which they are offering at the low price of 7 guineas, as well as a varied assortment of other sizes at proportionate prices.

PERSIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—All these goods are bought by MAPLE and CO.'s Agents in Persia, and sold at Importers' Prices, thus saving purchasers of Persian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

TO BUYERS of ORIENTAL CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO. offer exceptional facilities to buyers of ORIENTAL CARPETS. The goods are exhibited in ware-rooms, some of which are more than a hundred feet long, so that the very largest carpets can be fully displayed and minutely examined.

THE SEVILLE SUITE IN SADDLEBAGS AND VELVET.



THE SEVILLE SETTEE,

In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £7 10s.

MAPLE and CO. have always a large assortment of comfortable Easy Chairs, Couches, Settees, Lounges, Occasional and other Chairs, in Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, on view in the new Show-rooms on the ground floor.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

TURKEY CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. are not only the Largest Importers of TURKEY CARPETS, but, having a Branch House at Smyrna, with Agency at Onchik, the centre of the weaving district, are able to exercise close supervision over the whole process of manufacture, which is the only way that excellence of colouring and workmanship can be guaranteed. In this way, Maple and Co. save Turkey Carpet buyers at least two intermediate profits.

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE FLOORING for Dining, Billiard, or Smoking Rooms; also for Ball-rooms, Public Halls, Vestibules, as well as for surroundings to central carpets. Maple and Co. are now showing all the New Designs and Combinations of Wood at Greatly Reduced Prices.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The system of business is as established fifty years ago—namely, small profits on large returns for net cash. Acres of show-rooms for the display of first-class manufactured furniture.

MAPLE'S FURNISHING STORES are the largest in the world, and one of the sights of London. Acres of show-rooms. The highest class of furniture, carpets, and curtain materials. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. Half a century's reputation.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct importers of the finest Woods, Manufacturers of Dining-Room and other Furniture by steam power and improved machinery. Tottenham court road. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-road; Southampton buildings; Liverpool-road; Park-street, Islington; &c.



THE SEVILLE GENT'S EASY CHAIR, In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £5 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.

500 IN STOCK.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES.—The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES.—The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or, with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s. Designs and full particulars free.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in stock, comprising some 600 various patterns in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase. If desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT. Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing, at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

"THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD."

DEPARTED ERRORS.—"Our past becomes the mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE; looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL."—Lord Lytton.

After a Day's Pleasure use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

AND

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

"Men laugh and riot till the feast is o'er,
Then comes the reckoning, and they laugh no more."

"Moderation is the Silken String running through the
Pearl Chain of all Virtues."—BISHOP HALL.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, alcoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c., use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(AND

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

AS OCCASION MAY REQUIRE).

They are everything you could wish as a simple, natural, and health-giving agent. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

"West Indies.—To Mr. J. C. Eno, London.—Please send me a further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. Order enclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel received came up fully to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, Oct. 11, 1887."



"Thou comest in such a questionable shape."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin and whisky largely diluted with soda water will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" are peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; they possess the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and place the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"; therefore, no family should ever be without them.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" v. BRANDY.

"There were a few attacks of mild dysentery, brought mainly on by ill-considered devotion to brandy, or biliousness produced by the same cause. For the latter we used to swear by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which is simply invaluable."—See "Coral Lands," Vol. I.

HEADACHE, DISORDERED STOMACH, and NERVOUS DISEASES, Or a Gouty Rheumatic Condition of the Blood, producing Liver Disturbance, Liver Indigestion, Biliary Disturbance, and Persisting Indigestion, use

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."—A short trial will prove ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" to be of the highest excellence as a natural, simple, and painless Tonic Aperient, and in every way as simple as sound Ripe Fruit; should be kept ready for any emergency in Headache and Disordered Stomach, Flatulency (Wind in the Stomach), &c.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages How to Prevent Disease.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY-STREET, NEW-CROSS-ROAD, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

BENSON'S WATCHES ARE THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS.

BENSON'S
KEYLESS "LUDGATE" WATCH.

GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1885.

SILVER, GOLD,



THE BEST AND CHEAPEST KEYLESS
ENGLISH LEVER (Patent No. 4658)
EVER MADE AT THE PRICE.
STRONG KEYLESS ACTION.

In compliance with numerous demands for the "Ludgate" Watch with keyless action, we have specially designed the above, which combines all the advantages of the former, together with the undoubted convenience of the keyless mechanism. BEST LONDON MAKE, with THREE QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, strong keyless action, jewelled throughout, chronometer balance, patent ring band to exclude dust and damp, hard white enamel dial, with sunk seconds, steel or gold hands, mounted in massive STERLING SILVER hall-marked Dome Cases, engine-turned or polished, in strong Crystal-Glass, Hunting or Half-Hunting Cases, £8 8s. 18-CT. GOLD Cases, £20.

BENSON'S
LADY'S WATCH.

SILVER, GOLD,



Lady's Watch, fully jewelled movement, hard white enamel dial, Crystal Glass Cases. Strongly recommended. Sent free and safe on receipt of P.O.O. or cash. For particulars of this and other designs, see Illustrated Book, post-free.

BENSON'S
LADY'S KEYLESS WATCH.

SILVER, GOLD,



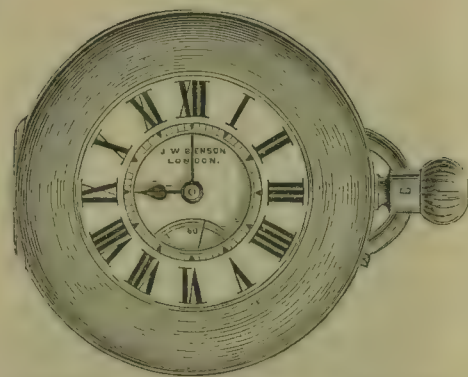
Extra quality movement, strong keyless action, fully jewelled 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Hunting, or Half-Hunting Cases. Warranted to keep perfect time.

The "Lady" says:—"It is a marvel of cheapness; the most elegant and economical Lady's Watch we have seen."—May 28, 1887.

Monograms or Crests beautifully engraved without extra charge.

Lady's Gold Albert Chain, from £1 15s.

BENSON'S
"SPECIAL" GENTLEMEN'S KEYLESS
WATCH.



SILVER, SILVER,

Gentlemen's Silver Watch with horizontal movement, gold balance.

jewelled throughout, strong keyless action, hard white enamel dial, with gold, or steel hands, fitted with strong Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, in sterling silver, English hall-marked, engine-turned or polished, £4 4s.

SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR A BOY'S WATCH.

Having made it a study to produce, at a low price, a good Keyless Watch of sound materials and workmanship, we can confidently guarantee their performance, and recommend them as far superior to the ordinary type of cheap keyless foreign watches sold at much higher prices.

An Excellent Watch at a Low Price.

BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH.

The "Ludgate" Watch is also made, but without keyless action, in sizes to suit all classes: large, for railway-men, &c.; medium, for working-men; small, for gentlemen; and a smaller size, for ladies: in Sterling Silver Cases, £5 5s.; or, 18-ct. Gold, ladies' from £10 10s.; gentlemen's, from £12 12s.

Full Particulars, Illustrations, and Prices Post-free.

All the above watches sent free, at our risk, to all parts of the world on receipt of remittance.

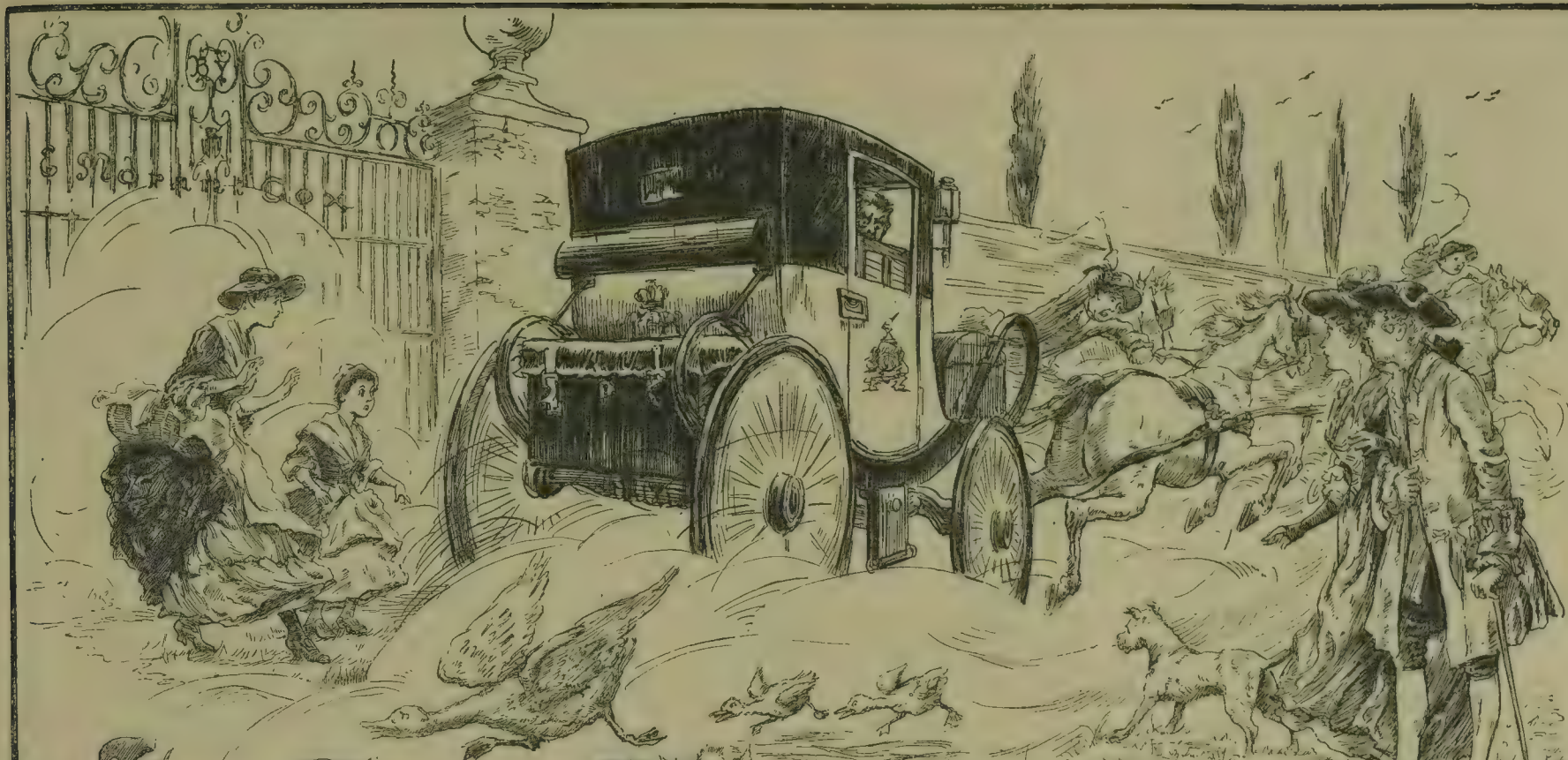
Hundreds of Testimonials from all parts of the World as to the wonderful timekeeping qualities of these Watches.

A MOST USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

J. W. BENSON (Queen's Watchmaker by Royal Warrant), 62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

Illustrated Pamphlets of these and other Watches from £2 2s. to £250, Clocks, Jewellery, New Edition, Bond-Street Novelties and Plate, post-free.



The Great Dumbleton Elopement



DIGBY DUMBLE had made up his mind to marry his ward - Miss Trafford, & add her goodly acres to his own. So when young Lord Slover proposed for her hand he quarrelled with him, forbade him the house, & packed the girl off to a finishing school. He was terribly disconcerted therefore on learning that her school mistress had discovered a clandestine correspondence with an unknown male named Jack.

Sir Digby at once took her from the school, & saying nothing of his matrimonial intentions left her with a maiden aunt. Now it so happened that this



good lady was desperately in love with Sir Digby, in fact had nourished the tender passion in her maiden breast from childhood's earliest hour. So hoping to see more of him she willingly undertook to prevent any further communications from "Jack" ever reaching her niece. Love however will find out the way, & Jack Slover disconsolate takes his trusty servant Tom into his



confidence, who, being on rather friendly terms with one of the maids at the boarding school, soon discovers where the young lady has been sent. And next evening sees Master & Man, after engaging lodgings at the village inn, wandering

about the garden of the maiden aunt's house



But all to no purpose, and they retire to their quarters to sup and meditate fresh schemes. As Luck will has it an orange seller comes into the Common

room, and a bright thought strikes the trusty Tom. He invites the Hawker to share his meal, and rallies him on selling so few oranges, declaring that he would dispose of the lot in a couple of hours.



A wager is made, and the landlord holds the stakes.

The next morning Tom sallies forth disguised in the orangeman's coat, and furnished with a letter from his master proceeds at once to the maiden aunt's house.

Fortune favors him; the ladies are in the garden. He proffers his oranges.

The spinster aunt purchases three. An opportunity occurs -

The note is given and Tom returns minus three oranges - Much to the Hawker's delight. That afternoon the lovers meet at the end of the garden, and Lord Flover is just persuading Miss Trafford to elope with him; when who should pass that way but Sir Digby. Surprised by the

sound of voices he hides behind a tree. Soon the aunt is heard calling her niece. The lovers part and the Baronet cautiously emerges, shakes his fist ominously at the retreating figure of the youth, and hastens home by another path.

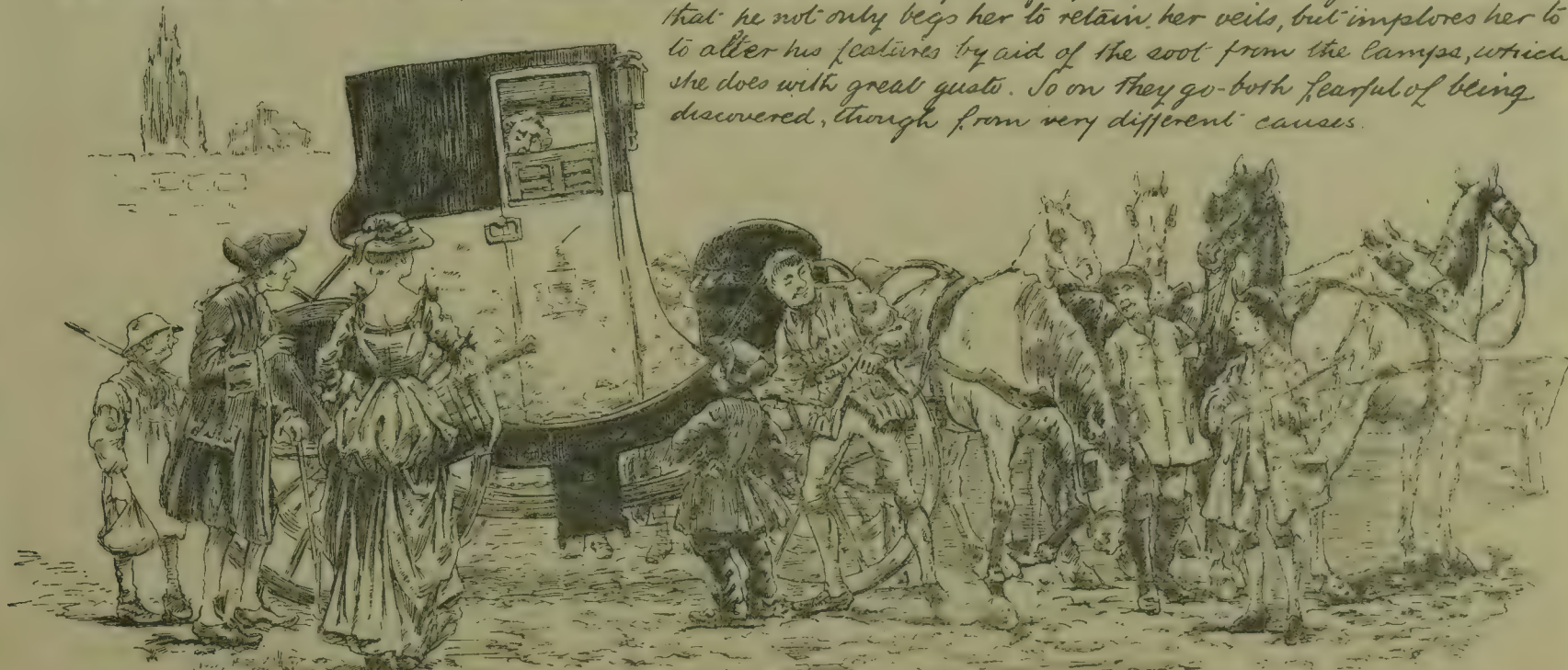


Seizing a pen he prepared to carry out the scheme he had hatched on his way back. Imitating Jack's writing by means of an intercepted letter he indites a note to his ward. To ensure its safe delivery he determines to take it himself and trust to bribing one of the maids. Evening is fast setting in, so muffling himself up in a cloak he starts off to the spinster aunt's abode. Who should be standing at the garden gate but Sally the maid waiting for her lover. Disguising his voice he asks her to give Miss Trafford the letter, and slipping a coin into her hand disappears quickly. Now the spinster aunt, strongly disappointed of Sally's indulging in a follower, so had kept watch and now stood face to face with the already wonderstruck girl, demanding the mysterious document. Here was a pretty state of things! It was too late to send for Sir Digby so she opened the letter. "Be in the garden at five o'clock tomorrow morning, not six as arranged. No time to explain more now Ever

"your loving
"Jack" ! The spinster's

duty was clear, she must herself be in the garden at the appointed hour and boldly unmask this villain "Jack". At half past four next morning Sir Digby issues forth in a post chaise and four, and two big footmen ride behind. And at five precisely the spinster aunt enters the garden. The moment she is out of sight of the house the two footmen, previously instructed by Sir Digby, seize her, muffle her head in thick veils, thrust her into the chaise, and away they go on the Kings Highway to Gretna Green. The fainting spinster finds to her amazement Sir Digby at her side volubly pressing his suit, and heaping

calumnies on Jack. She sees at once that he mistakes her for Miss Trafford, and she resolves to carry out the deception and marry him herself, so she declares after a time that she believes all Sir Digby says about Jack, and ultimately accepts him. To preserve her disguise she screams that Jack will be sure to follow & perhaps murder him, & so works on the feelings of the not too courageous Baronet that he not only begs her to retain her veils, but implores her to alter his features by aid of the soot from the lamps, which she does with great gusto. So on they go—both fearful of being discovered, though from very different causes.



The extraordinary looking couple attract general attention at the Posting Houses

The moment they reached Gretna they sent for the blacksmith, & in the presence of the innkeeper & his worthy spouse they became man & wife. Just then a second post chaise clattered up to the door. The innkeeper & the blacksmith rushed to meet them, & the newly wed couple were left alone. The Baronet was playfully endeavouring to remove his wife's veil when a servant announced that her ladyship's room was ready, at which the expunster bounced off. Sir Digby was leisurely crossing the hall when the sound of a voice attracted his attention—his wife's voice pronouncing the hated name "Jack"! with a yell he dashed into the room & blood transfixed with passion, for there sure enough was his wife tenderly leaning on Lord

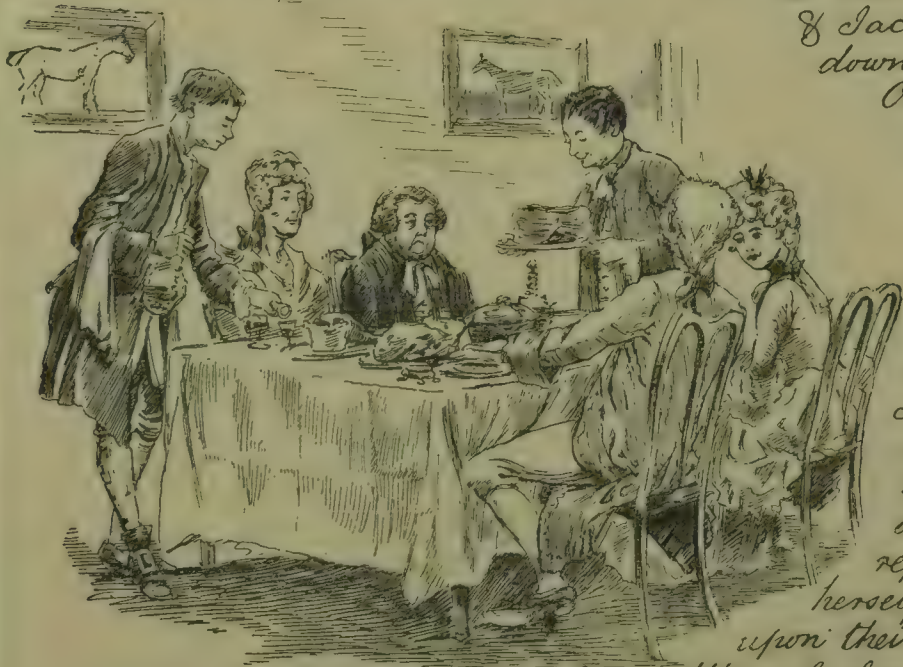
Flowers arm. The Lady screamed and fainted away. The Baronet, rage lending him courage, seized the poker and Jack drew his sword. And Heaven only knows what might have happened if the innpeople, hearing the noise, had not come pell mell into the room and flung themselves between the would be combatants, demanding the cause of the quarrel. Before the enraged Baronet has time to utter a word

a voice is heard which sends the color flying from his cheeks and there in the doorway stands Miss Trafford's Aunt! Let us draw a veil over the painful scene! In a few moments matters were all satisfactorily, or rather unsatisfactorily, explained to Sir Digby, and making a vain endeavour to save his dignity, the poor man tried to pretend that he had only been joking with Jack, and that he knew all the time that it really was the Spinster aunt with whom he was eloping, and that he had done it on purpose &c &c. Of course

he was obliged to pardon his ward & Jack Flower, and they all sat down to breakfast together.

One of the first things Sir Digby did on returning home was to dismiss the two tall footmen who had made the fatal error—but Lady Dumble, considering that this was a decided reflection upon herself, insisted upon their remaining.

And although from that moment she held entire supremacy, we do not think that on the whole she ever caused her worthy husband to regret the part he had played in *The Great Dumbleton Elopement*.





RAFFLING THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

FINE ART.

The collection of foreign pictures, chiefly French, brought together at the Goupil Gallery (117, New Bond-street) is more satisfactory than most of its competitors for public appreciation. It recalls more closely the bygone days when M. Armand Ruel first gave to our countrymen a worthy display of contemporary French art. On the present occasion the most distinctive works are M. Gérôme's "Awakening" (5), the single nude figure of a Turkish wife or slave beginning her daily labour; M. Carolus Duran's "Salomé" (49), a bold and successful treatment, perhaps somewhat too Parisian in idea, of the heroine of Jewish history; and M. Israel's latest work, "Grandma's Comfort" (36), a small child reading the Bible to her blind, bedridden ancestress. We are frequently tempted to pass over M. Israel's work as purely mechanical; but the arrangement of light in this bare and comfortless cottage is worthy of all admiration. Amongst the works of deceased artists are Daubigny's fine landscape, painted in 1874, to which he gave the name of "La Maison de la Mère Bazot" (50), a well-known retreat for artists in the valley of the Seine; two works by Corot, a landscape with cattle (45) and "La Tempête" (51), worthy to be compared with any of Constable's works; and Bastien Le Page's "Going to School" (25), a strongly-painted study of a young French child, which we should like to see exhibited beside an early work of Mr. Holman Hunt treating a similar subject. Amongst other noticeable pictures are M. Jules Dupré's "Sunset" (16), M. Uhde's "Sewing-Room" (10); Herr K. Heffner's "River Severn, near Chepstow" (18), quite one of his best works of later date; besides the works of a host of pupils and imitators of Meissonier, belonging to different nations—such as Max Todt, Fichel, Berne Bellecour, Seiler, and others.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) Mr. Russell Dowson contributes a small collection of delicately-finished sketches relating for the most part to Eton. To those in whom the pleasant memories of "Sixpenny's," "Weston's-yard," "Brocas," and the "Playing Fields" still linger, Mr. Dowson's sketches will have special interest; but the care and taste which he displays in his works, at Eton and elsewhere, give them a still further value. Such drawings as "The College from Sixpenny's" (3), "Five o'clock School" (11) on a cold and cheerless January evening, or a view of the college from another point (25), or from "Romney Lock" (20), are worthy of a place on the walls of any collectors of modern water-colours, whilst for those to whom Eton has no associations of boyhood, Mr. Dowson can offer the pleasant results of his trips to Southwold and Whitby, to the New Forest and Dorsetshire coast, the coast of Normandy and the shores of the Riviera, in all of which he gives proof of his fidelity to Nature, and a full appreciation of her beauties.

Outside the "art district," which seemingly is becoming more and more restricted, is to be found at Mr. Arthur Vokins's Gallery (23, Baker-street) an interesting collection of works by members of the Langham Sketching Club—of whom many of the original members have long since passed away, leaving their works, good and indifferent, behind them. In 1830 the "Artist's Society for the Study of Historical and Rustic Figures" established itself at the back of a stonemason's yard in Clipstone-street, Portland-road, and this, the oldest sketching club in England, became subsequently known as the Langham Sketching Club—and has counted amongst its members not a few of those who have earned distinction in various fields of painting. Our immediate concern, however, is with those who exhibit their "two-hour sketches" on the present occasion. It is, of course, no criterion of a man's

power to be able to finish a sketch within the limit of time allowed—but it is interesting to find how many artists whom the public credit with painful laboriousness have voluntarily and gladly accepted the conditions of membership. This point should not be lost sight of when we look at such works as Mr. H. S. Marks' "Common Occurrence" (41), Mr. C. Green's "War" (8), Mr. Hayes' "A Calm" (67), Mr. T. E. Ryan's "Venice" (56), Mr. Wimpeis' "Mountain Torrent" (96), and many others. They may not be among the very best of the collection, but they are exceedingly characteristic, and convey, in a general way, the method by which these artists have attained distinction. Amongst the other interesting sketches of the club, mention should be made of the late Mr. Fred Walker's "Haunted House" (5), Mr. C. Keene's "Revellers" (7), Mr. Mason Jackson's "Moonlight" (1), Mr. J. Thomas's "Caught Napping" (11), Mr. J. Absolon's "Out of his Element" (16), Mr. G. L. Hall's "By the Sea" (4), Mr. W. J. Callcott's "Peril" (50), Mr. C. Cattermole's "Review" (94), and many others.

Mr. P. Calderon, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, has become one of the honorary visitors of the Wimbledon Art College, in succession to Mr. F. Pickersgill, R.A., who has resigned on account of continued ill-health.

Philippe Rousseau, the artist, who died recently in Paris, had almost throughout his life (and it exceeded threescore-and-ten years) to support an honour he had never coveted. Writers of biographical notices, as well as directors of museums where his works were exhibited, seemed determined that he should be known to contemporaries and posterity as the brother of Théodore Rousseau, the well-known landscape-painter. As a matter of fact, there was not the least shadow of relationship between the two namesakes; but, by a curious coincidence, they were recommended together, in 1852, to receive the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur. Philippe Rousseau was the son of an actor at the Opéra-Comique, who, in 1784, "created" the rôle of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in Grétry's opera of that name. The son, who, from his earliest childhood, showed dispositions for drawing, was first placed to study under Vincent, the miniature-painter; passing successively through the ateliers of Baron Gros and Victor Bertin. He first appeared at the Salon, in 1831, as a landscape-painter, and for some years subsequently his exhibited works were of the same category; but, after a short experience as a portrait-painter, he discovered his true vocation to be that of a painter of still life. In 1844 his "Poule Noire" hanging from the larder-table revealed the strength of his powers. His great success, the "Town Mouse and Country Mouse," was not exhibited until 1848, when it drew from Théophile Gautier praise which at the time was considered exaggerated. His subsequent success, however, fully vindicated the critic's prescience, and posterity will doubtless give to Philippe Rousseau amongst the French artists of the nineteenth as high a place as that assigned to his forerunner, Chardin, in the art history of the eighteenth, century.

Another mission-hall in memory of the late Lord Shaftesbury has been opened, the site being at Kerbey-street, Poplar.

It is stated that the site formerly occupied by the Army and Navy Meat-Market, in Regent-street, has been secured by Messrs. Hallé and Comyns Carr for a new art gallery.

Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel Rammingen, has consented to open the bazaar to be held in the Kensington Townhall on March 13, 14, and 15 next, in aid of the unendowed French Protestant charities in London superintended by Pastor Du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D.

RAFFLING THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

An odd custom not unfrequent among the artisan classes in London and other large towns, and in some rural villages, is the subscription club for the purchase of a goose, or a turkey, and a few other commodities, edible or drinkable, which are thought desirable for the Christmas feast at home. These articles are put up as prizes to be won in a simple-affle, which all the subscribers are free to attend; and there is naturally a good deal of fun and joking on the occasion, followed perhaps by a little treating, by way of consolation to the unsuccessful majority of small venturers in this lottery of good seasonable festive fare. Human nature is fond of a mild resort to chances of luck; and probably some of the winners, sitting down afterwards with their wives and families to a repast more savoury and abundant than they have enjoyed in the past twelvemonth, may consume it with greater relish than if they had purchased its materials, at full market price, by savings for a longer period. The method practised in some cases for determining who shall get the goose, which is the favourite object of domestic culinary ambition, is by setting an innocent child on the table, who is to draw, from a bag, a folded napkin, or a hat, the first that comes to hand of a collection of pieces of paper, bearing the written names of all the competitors. One or two discreet and independent elderly men, not personally interested in the result, having prepared these billets, will hold the mingled heap of names for the officiating little one, who should not have learnt to read; and it is rather a pretty ceremony, watched by the spectators with general good humour, to see the drawing of the lots. Many "Goose Clubs," in town or country, are likely to be assembled for the performance of this act when the present Number of our Journal is before the reader; and our Artist's Illustration may seem interesting as an example of one of the popular institutions associated with the customary festivities at this time of the year.

The first turf of the Stratford-on-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Railway was, on Dec. 15, turned by Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., in a field adjoining Towcester railway-station. The new line will be about eleven miles in length, and will make a connection with the Midland main system near Bedford. The line will form a new and direct route between Worcester, Stratford-on-Avon, and London.

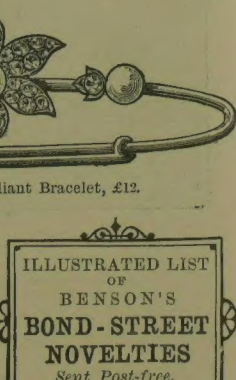
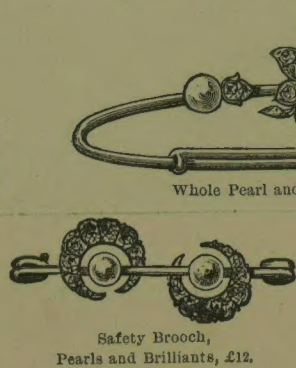
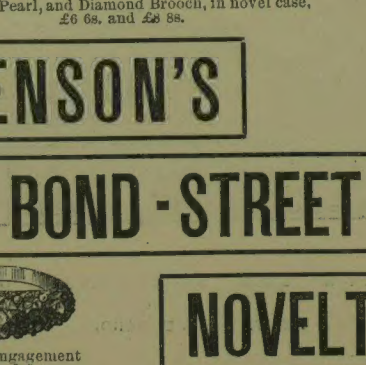
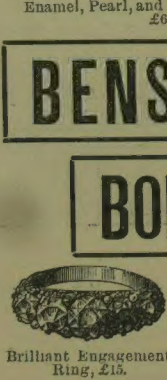
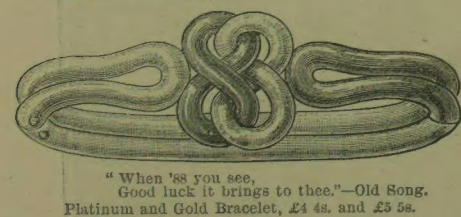
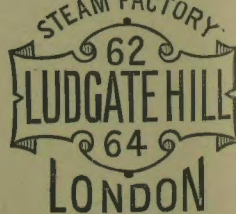
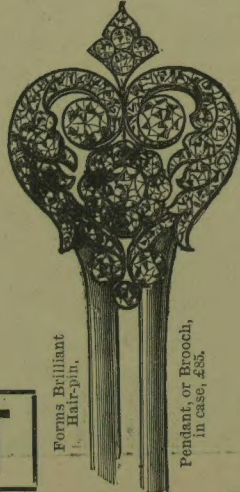
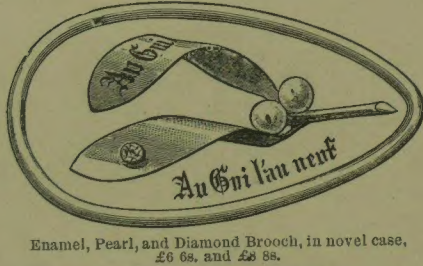
Mr. Lawson, M.P., accompanied by Mrs. Lawson, presided at the annual entertainment and distribution of science and athletic prizes to the successful scholars of the Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, Haverstock-hill, on Dec. 15. In calling upon Mrs. Lawson to distribute the prizes, the chairman congratulated the successful students, and spoke of the importance of technical and industrial training in schools.

Miss E. Wood, of London, has very kindly presented to the Art Gallery of the Nottingham Castle Museum a large picture entitled "Celadon and Amelia," by her father, John Wood. It is a fine example of the work of this able painter, who was contemporary with Sir Thomas Lawrence. The subject is taken from Thomson's "Seasons," and illustrates the two lovers, Celadon and Amelia, in the thunderstorm. Mr. Felix Joseph again shows his increasing interest in the museum by presenting a beautiful silver-gilt christening-cup of George IV. period; also eight charming original drawings in sepia by Richard Westall, R.A., for illustration of British novels, and three fine old Worcester china dishes. A miniature on ivory, supposed to be a portrait of Henry Kirke White, mounted as a locket, has been given through Mr. E. M. Kidd; and Mrs. I. C. Musters has given a rare and decorative Norwegian spoon.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.



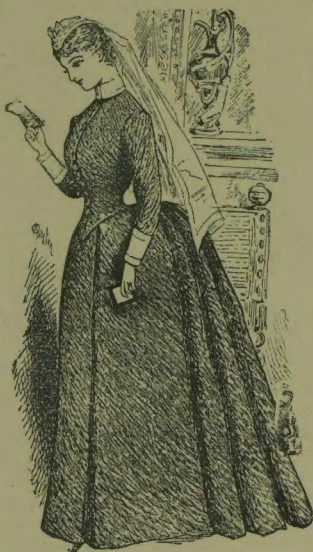
Kindly mention
Reference when
requesting Goods
on approval.



J. W. BENSON, QUEEN'S JEWELLER (BY ROYAL WARRANT), 25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

FASHIONS
AT
PETER ROBINSON'S
REGENT-STREET HOUSE.



PETER ROBINSON respectfully invites Ladies to visit his
SHOW-ROOMS to SEE THE FASHIONS in

NEW MILLINERY,
NEW MANTLES,
NEW JACKETS,
NEW COSTUMES, &c.,

FROM THE FASHIONABLE MODISTES OF PARIS.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND FAMILY MOURNING,

The Largest and most varied Stock of Fashionably Made-up
Articles and Materials by the Yard that can be seen at any
one Establishment, and at the most "Reasonable Prices."
Goods are sent on Approval to any part of the Country
(however distant) Free of Charge.

PETER ROBINSON MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT-STREET, LONDON.



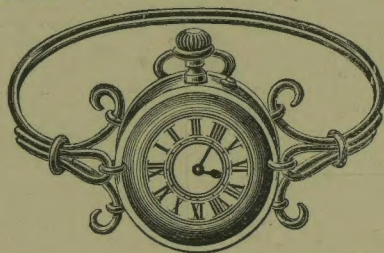
S. SAINSBURY'S
A HIGHLY PERFUMED
Scent of great refinement,
strength, and lasting
quality.
Very economical in use.
Prepared with the finest ENGLISH LAVENDER,
without any foreign whatever.

176 & 177, STRAND, LONDON.

At the Railway Bookstalls and generally throughout the country.
Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.; post-free, 2d. extra. In neat Cases, suitable
for Presents, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.; post-free, 3d. extra.

KEYLESS BRACELET WATCH,
IN REGISTERED GOLD BANGLE, from £8 complete.

Made to Fit any
Watch,
from £3 10s.



Bracelet Watches,
in great variety,
from 10 to 100 guineas.

LE ROY ET FILS,

57, NEW BOND-ST.

ADAMS'S
FURNITURE
POLISH.

**THE OLDEST AND
BEST.**

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: SHEFFIELD.

**JENSEN'S Cod Liver
Oil**



CHILDREN LIKE IT!

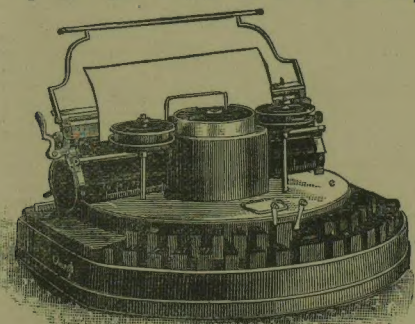
JENSEN'S COD-LIVER OIL

is acknowledged as the best because it is the only Oil made
from absolutely fresh Livers. It prevents all Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis; it makes the Digestive Organs act, and
is the only remedy of any value in cases of consumption; it
is sweet and pleasant—cannot by any possibility cause any
aftertaste, while all its nourishing virtues are retained.

Of all Chemists, &c., in Bottles, each Wrapper bearing the Registered
Trade Mark (an Iceberg) if genuine, at 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.

HERTZ and COLLINGWOOD, 101, Leadenhall-street.

"HAMMOND"
TYPE-WRITER,



20 Guineas.

Ranks above all competitors. GOLD MEDALS at
all Exhibitions. Guaranteed to do
BETTER WORK, WITH GREATER EASE,
than any other Type-Writer in the world.

The "Times," Dec. 18, 1886, refers to this Machine as
"possessing undoubted advantages over its numerous rivals,
being compact and portable; with perfect alignment, uniform
impression, changeable type, &c." It would be easy to
mention other features of this beautiful machine. A moderate
amount of practice will enable anyone to write from 70 to 100
words a minute.

Highest Award American Exhibition, London, for the
"BEST TYPE-WRITER FOR OFFICE WORK WHERE SPEED
IS REQUIRED."

Descriptive papers free, 74, Cornhill, E.C., and
325, High Holborn, London.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE

(LIMITED),

LATE A. B. SAVORY AND SONS,

SILVER AND BEST SILVER-PLATED MANUFACTURERS,

11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

(Opposite the Bank of England.)

THE STOCK CONTAINS

SPOONS & FORKS.
TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
WAITERS & TRAYS.
CLARET JUGS & GOBLET.
CRUET & BREAKFAST FRAMES.
INKSTANDS, CANDLESTICKS, &c.

A new Pamphlet of Prices, Illustrated with
over 500 Engravings, will be forwarded, post-
free, on application.

LICENSED APPRAISERS.
VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE.
DIVISIONS OF FAMILY PLATE ARRANGED.



ALCESTER PATTERN.

Massive Silver Bowl, richly chased, gilt inside,
on ebonized plinth, to hold 9 pints ... £20 0 0
Larger size, ditto, 13 pints ... 25 10 0



WONT WASH CLOTHES

BROOKE'S
SOAP

Monkey Brand

SWEETEST LASS TO THEE I SING,
USE IT IN THY MARBLE HALLS;
A JOY TO CLEANLY MAIDS I BRING,
TRY IT ON YOUR PAINTED WALLS,
FOR YOUR METALS OR YOUR BRASSES,
FOR YOUR STAIR-RODS TINS & GLASSES,
YOU WILL FIND THAT NOUGHT SURPASSES
BROOKE'S SOAP THE MONKEY BRAND!

Cleans!
Scrubs!!
Scours!!!
Polishes!!!!
Brightens!!!!
Everything!!!!



Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists. If not obtainable near you, we will send a
full-size Bar, free by post, for 4d. 1s. for three full-size Bars, free by post,
by mentioning "Illustrated London News" to

B. BROOKE & CO., 36 to 40, York-road, King's-cross, London, N.

DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS,

For burning Mineral Oils WITHOUT DANGER or SMELL.

SUITED FOR ALL DOMESTIC OR OTHER PURPOSES,

AND AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS.

RECOMMENDED BY THE PRINCIPAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Mr. BOVERTON REDWOOD, F.C.S., F.I.C., in his report states:—

"THE RISKS ATTACHING TO THE EMPLOYMENT OF MINERAL OILS as illuminating agents in lamps of
the ordinary description are NON-EXISTENT in the use of the Defries' Safety Lamp."

CAUTION.—The DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMP is THE ONLY LAMP THAT IS NOT
ONLY SAFE but has no mechanism to get out of order.

DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS are made in many styles for table and for
hanging, &c., with six sizes of burners, giving the light respectively of 10,
15, 20, 43, 62, and 100 candle power.

DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMPS may be procured from most respectable Lamp
Dealers, and from

THE DEFRIES' SAFETY LAMP AND OIL COMPANY, LIMITED.

LONDON: 43 and 44, HOLBORN VIADUCT;

GLASGOW: 220, INGRAM-STREET; BIRMINGHAM: 58, NEW-STREET.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
from £3 3s.

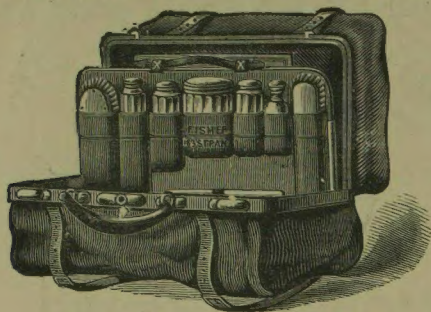
These MACHINES are not mere toys, but are
thoroughly reliable and unequalled for strength and
easy running. They are fitted with adjustable handles
and seat-rod; well finished in black enamel, with
plated hubs, handle-bars, &c.

HUMBER & CO., LIMITED,

Head Office and Show-Rooms:

32, HOLBORN-VIADUCT, LONDON.

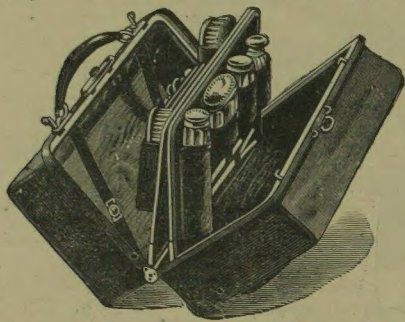
FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18-in., Plated, 26; Silver, 27 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook, Price, complete, 26, with Plated Fittings; 27 10s., with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes. Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box, Jar, Scent-Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper-Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Nail-File, Knife, Corkscrew.

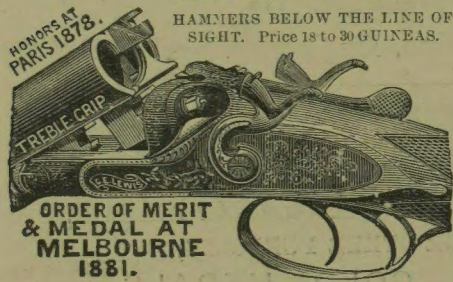
Price 24 15s.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE to August 1, now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

TRADE MARK. REGD.



DIPLOMA and MEDAL, Sydney, 1879-80. This gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt of gun, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 guns, rifles, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for Catalogue and Illustrated Sheets to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, Birmingham. Established 1850. Largest Stock in the World. Calcutta Exhibition, 1883. "The Gun of the Period" has again taken honours. Established 1850.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

WHOOPING COUGH INSTANTLY RELIEVED AND QUICKLY CURED.



PAGE'S PATENT VAPOURISER AND CRESOLENE.

Children, by simply breathing the vapour of Cresolene, obtain in a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. It is a perfectly safe remedy and will not harm the youngest child. CRESOLENE is most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c.

CRESOLENE is claimed to be the most powerful antiseptic and disinfectant at present known.

Vapouriser, with Lamp complete, and 2oz. Bottle of Cresolene, 7s. 6d., post-free in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cresolene can be had separately in Bottles, at 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Sole Agents for Europe:

ALLEN & HANBURYS, Plough-ct., LONDON. Ask your Chemist for a Descriptive Circular.

REDFERN, LADIES' TAILOR

To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

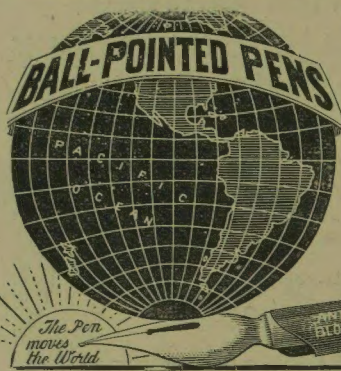
GOWNS, COATS, WRAPS.

Messrs. REDFERN are now exhibiting in their large New Show-Rooms an array of **WINTER NOVELTIES**, in Gowns, Coats, and Wraps, handsomely Braided and Fur Trimmed, together with an extensive range of Tweeds, original in design and texture, especially prepared for useful and inexpensive Gowns.

26 and 27, CONDUIT-STREET, } LONDON, W.
27, NEW BOND-STREET.

Branches: COWES, PARIS, NEW YORK, and EDINBURGH.

Patterns and Sketches forwarded post-free on application.



LUXURIOUS WRITING

THE BALL-POINTED PENS are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer.

Six sorts—fine, medium, broad—6d., 1s., 3s., and 4s. 6d. per Box.

The "FEDERATION" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm and comfortable grip. Price 2d., 4d., and 6d.

Assorted Box of 33 Pens for 1s. 1d., or with ebony Holder for 1s. 6d.—of all Stationers, or post-free from

ORMISTON & CLASS EDINBURGH

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

A USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

WOODWARD'S PATENT AUTOMATIC DROP-ACTION PENCIL. THE BEST EVER INVENTED.

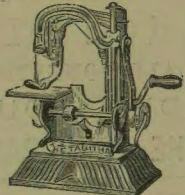
Drawn two-thirds actual size.



No. 570. HALL-MARKED SILVER, extra strong, beautifully engraved or engine-cut, with box of Eight Patent Black Copying Ink Refills, 10s. 6d. Smaller Sizes, post-free, 8s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

A. H. WOODWARD, IXL Works, Vittoria-street, BIRMINGHAM.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT, 3/6. THE "TABITHA" SEWING-MACHINE.



WILL SEW ALMOST ANY MATERIAL.

IN BRASS, 3/6. NICKEL-PLATED, 5/- NOT A TOY.

POSTAGE, 6d. EXTRA.

Numerous Testimonials can be seen on application.

Sole Manufacturers: D. JUDSON & SON (Ltd.), 77, Southwark-street, London, S.E.

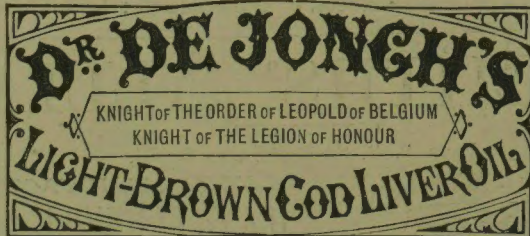
NESTLE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS; Also well adapted for CHILDREN AND INVALIDS.



The Basis of NESTLE'S FOOD is CHOICE MILK from SWISS COWS, to which is added a little SUGAR and some WHEAT FLOUR, the insoluble parts of which have been excluded by a special PROCESS OF BAKING. The product obtained in this way acts as a solvent upon the caseine and prevents the Milk from curdling in large lumps, thus rendering the whole compound, which is of the highest nutritive value, as digestible as MOTHER'S MILK.

It is recommended by the highest Medical Authorities throughout the world. NESTLE'S FOOD, containing Milk in itself, is instantly prepared with the simple addition of water.



Incontestably proved by thirty years' medical experience to be

THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.

"Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"The value of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine."

Dr. SINCLAIR COGHILL,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

"In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod-Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.

Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.

CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

SAMUEL BROTHERS. BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.



Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of FASHIONS, containing about 300 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price-Lists, &c., and is a useful Guide to Fashionable Costume for Gentlemen, Boys, and Ladies.

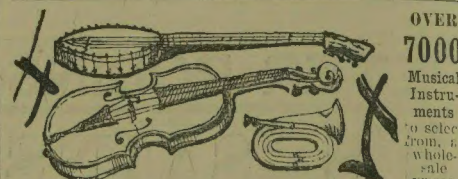
Messrs. Samuel Brothers' "Wear-Resisting" Fabrics (Reg.) are especially adapted for BOYS' HARD WEAR.

"ETON."

SAMUEL BROTHERS,

Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c.,

65 & 67, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.



OVER

7000

Musical

Instruments

to select

from at

whole

sale

prices

suitable for presents to persons of all ages. Recently learned with our Facile Self-Instructors. (See Testimonials.) VIOLIN (set complete), with bow, patent resin, self-instructor, &c., in violin case, 3s. 10s. 6d., 21s. 6s. 6d., &c. BANJO, with simple self-instructor, 5s. 6d., 9s. 11s. 6d., 21s. 42s., &c. BUGLES for cyclists, 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. CONCERTINA, with instant self-instructor, 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., &c. (English), 53s. MUSICAL BOXES, 3s., 12s. 9d., 18s. 9d. to 29 guineas. FLUTE, with self-instructor, 6s. 6d., 10s. 13s. 9d., 15s. 6d., &c. MELODEON, with instant self-instructor, 8s. 6d., 8s., 10s. 6d., 13s., &c. OCEANIC, 1s. SCOTCH BAGPIPES (toy), 6d., 1s., 2s. DULCIMER (foreign), 3s., 6s., 8s.; (English), 53s. GUITAR, with self-instructor, 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 25s.; Panormo Model, 56s. ZITHERS, 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 30s., &c. CORNETS, 21s., 30s. 6d., 55s., &c. A single article at Wholesale Price and Carriage Paid. AMERICAN ORGAN, 23 15s., 29 10s., 34 15s., and upwards. THE STAINER MANUFACTURING AND IMPORTING CO., 31, Moorgate-street, London.

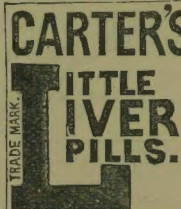


HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE,

beautifully engraved or plain, in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel Post, 3s. 6d.

A. W. ABRAHAMS, 29, Edgware-street, Birmingham, Wholesale Manufacturer, Illustrated Catalogue Free.

TORPID LIVER



Positively cured by these Little Pills.

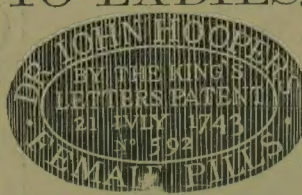
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 11d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

MELLIN'S FOOD.

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

TO LADIES.



The experience of over 140 years has established the character of these Pills as a safe, efficacious, and truly invaluable medicine. Beware of deleterious compounds. The name of Dr. John Hooper, in white letters, on the special Government stamp, is a proof of genuineness. Can be obtained at 1s. 11d. per Box, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors; or, post-free of the Special Agents, MAY, ROBERTS, & CO., 9, Clerkenwell-rd., London.

CIGARS DE JOY

ASTHMA COUGH BRONCHITIS

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford-street, London."

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of Asthma, Cough, Bronchitis, and Shortness of Breath. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. Price 2s. 6d. per Box of 35 post-free; and of all Chemists.